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WITHDRAWN

EDITORIAL

THE RUSSIANS HAVE COME

The Soviet Union's military intervention in Afghanistan should be seen as a calculated act of desperation—a symptom of a foreign-policy failure. The Russians masked their use of force with the charge that the United States and China had been giving support to the Moslem guerrillas operating out of Pakistan. But it would be wrong to blame the weaknesses of the deposed Hafizullah Amin Government on the Moslem guerrillas. In fact, the People's Democratic Party Government, which came into power after the April 1978 coup, was disintegrating from within. (See "Afghanistan—A Revolution Consumes Itself," by Fred Halliday, *The Nation*, November 17, 1979.)

The People's Democratic Party movement, authentically indigenous but consisting of only a few thousand urban intellectuals, launched an ambitious land-reform program that disrupted traditional agricultural practices (for example, no provision was made for replacing the local landlords' function of distributing seeds to the peasantry). The bungles of the land-reform program were compounded by internal party purges, indiscriminate arrests and alleged torture of suspected political dissidents by Amin's security forces. As a result, the regime alienated its natural allies among the poor and strengthened the opposition of tribal chiefs and landlords.

Soviet military power may shore up the P.D.P. survivors in Kabul and impel the new Government to seek accommodation with the Moslem rebels. More likely, the Russians will find themselves mired down in a genocidal civil war. The United States would do well to deepen its moral condemnation of the Soviet intervention by citing the pragmatic lessons learned from its own experience in Vietnam. It should not further destabilize the region by selling arms to neighboring Pakistan.

HOROWITZ LETTERS

CARTER'S HIDDEN OIL SCANDAL
Fred J. Cook

OSTPOLITIK
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BIRTH OF A BUZZ WORD

PLAYING 'PRODUCTIVITY' POLITICS

WILLIAM K. TABB

The most popular sermon from the gospel of free enterprise being preached these days is on productivity, a word likely to put most people to sleep, with its evocation of freshman economics classes and half-comprehended professional jargon. Yet the argument can be stated fairly simply. Output per worker has recently fallen from its historic 2.5 to 3 percent rate of increase to between zero and somewhere over 1 percent. Higher real incomes can only come out of productivity increases or they must come at the expense of someone else. Slow growth or no growth contributes to inflation as groups in society competing for a higher living standard raise their money demands. This is easy enough to understand; that so many Americans do comprehend the nature of this intensified struggle explains in part the tax rebellion and increased antagonism toward the poor. Such scapegoating avoids the larger question, however: why the lower productivity?

The most frequently heard answer is that higher taxes and excessive government regulation are undermining private-sector incentives. However, taxes are higher abroad and government controls far more stringent in all of the countries of Western Europe that are experiencing faster rates of increase in productivity than the United States is. It is also claimed that there is not enough spent on research and development in this country. While that may be the case, it is also true that we spend more on R.&D., as a percent of manufacturing output, than do the Western European nations or Japan.

The recurrent complaints in the financial press

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LETTERS.

READERS ON HOROWITZ

Washington

There is much in David Horowitz's critique of the American left ["A Radical's Disenchantment," *The Nation*, Dec. 8, 1979] that merits a response, and I hope others will answer points I am forced to disregard for lack of space. But some things I simply cannot ignore. Before turning to these points, however, I must clear up a misunderstanding created by his characterization of my comments in *The Nation* of June 9, 1979 ("The 'Power Projection' Gap") on the Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia. According to Horowitz, I defined Soviet forces in such a way as to exclude the invasion of Czechoslovakia as a case of intervention. This is unfair and untrue. What I actually said is that *using the Pentagon's definition* of interventionary forces, Soviet troops used in Czechoslovakia cannot be considered interventionary because—unlike the U.S. Marine Corps—they lack a long-range projection capability. Horowitz may not like this distinction, but it is the Pentagon's—not mine—and I resent being pictured as an "apologist" for the U.S.S.R. because I used Defense Department data to show that the Russians have not built the kind of interventionary apparatus that the United States has enjoyed since 1945.

This leads to my principal point: Horowitz is correct in saying that we must include the U.S.S.R. in our calculus of the world political environment. At the same time, however, we must avoid adding to the chorus of hysterical anti-Sovietism which is pushing us ever closer to a new cold war (see my "Letter From Washington," *The Nation*, Feb. 3, 1979). Already, SALT appears doomed and U.S. arms contractors are salivating at the prospect of multibillion-dollar increases in military spending. Congress has gone along with these war preparations because it has been inundated with fraudulent accounts of the "Soviet Threat," largely manufactured by right-wing publicists for purely partisan reasons. Unless we succeed in countering these claims with a balanced account of Soviet capabilities—avoiding both apologia, which Horowitz rightly condemns, and alarmism, which he appears to condone—we will watch all our hopes for disarmament and social justice be swept away in a tide of militarism.

Horowitz is also right in castigating the left for its tendency to focus on some governments and not others when condemning human-rights violations. But this is a deficiency we have long been trying to overcome, and Horowitz—by adopting such a self-righteous tone—contributes nothing to the present debate on this topic. Furthermore, there are valid arguments for stressing the abuses perpetrated by pro-American governments. Because many of these regimes—such as the Shah's in Iran and Ferdinand Marcos's in the Philippines—were either imposed by U.S. action or sustained by U.S. aid, we have a moral obligation to first address those abuses for which we bear some responsibility before turning to any others. I therefore find it very hard to stomach Horowitz's above-it-all stance when his tax dollars, like the rest of ours, are still being used to finance arms deliveries to some of the world's most brutal dictatorships.

Finally, there's something that desperately needs saying: the left has *nothing to apologize for* regarding its role in the 1960s. True, we didn't create the ideal world we all hoped for—but who really expected to see it arrive overnight? What we *did* do was to halt a brutal war in Indochina and help expand the rights of women, minorities, gays and other historically mistreated Americans. Far from feeling overwhelmed by defeat, we should be proud of our accomplishments. Of course we made mistakes and harbored illusions—how could we have done otherwise?—but I can't believe that Horowitz can point to any other political vision with more to offer the vast majority of humankind.

If anything, the 1980s are going to require more of a dedication to the principles of nonintervention and social justice than ever before. If David Horowitz elects to stay out on the sidelines and brood, so be it; but there are plenty of other people out there who are still working for peace and equality, and we invite like-minded people everywhere to join us.

Michael Klare
Institute for Policy Studies

Philadelphia

Contrary to what David Horowitz wrote, the difficulties on the left in the United States are mainly structural—the lack of a substantial popular base and the successful deflection of the masses from any fundamental demands by a combination of satisfactory economic performance and effective brainwashing. They are hardly attributable to the failure of the left "to formulate—and fight for—realistic programs," as Horowitz suggests; the intellectual problems and confusion of the left are more a *result* of weakness than a cause. The very idea that well-formulated programs would make a major difference shows that Horowitz is still a romantic—or ex-romantic—totally lacking in a sense of historic reality.

Horowitz's criticisms of Noam Chomsky's focus on the misrepresentations of the U.S. press are mainly silly—apparently Chomsky must never criticize the home press on any point without carefully noting the worse suppressions in *Pravda*, otherwise he will lose "credibility" and the left will falter. Why credibility is threatened if the allegations are true is not clear, and has no more cogency than a demand that a Soviet dissenter not criticize Soviet treatment of Czechoslovakia without simultaneously attacking U.S. support of Videla and Marcos. By focusing on the comprehensiveness of censorship in the Soviet Union, and the existence of dissent here, Horowitz scores a debating point but begs most of the important questions. One is whether it is not still possible, despite the dissent, that the mass media of the United States select and suppress on a scale sufficient to establish major falsehoods and an ideological line as truths, just as does *Pravda*. In fact, is it not also possible that the dissenters freely circulating their *samizdats* among themselves and in small-circulation journals actually create a misleading impression of the effectiveness of the free flow of ideas and the range of debate?

The mass media clearly represent the substantial interests of the country, both in their coverage of, say, Guatemala, Indonesia and Paraguay, or in their handling of industrial hazards facing workers and the issues involved in tax and energy policies. Correcting these systematic distortions, without groveling or signing loyalty oaths, must be central to any genuine radicalism, or even reformism. David Horowitz, looking for a new God after the disappointing failure of the old, clearly has nothing to say that will contribute to either.

Edward S. Herman
University of Pennsylvania

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EDITORIALS.

Big Oil or Us?

The present gaggle of Presidential hopefuls, whose eagerness to offer leadership in the energy arena is unmatched by the political courage to raise fundamental questions about the nature of the "crisis," might reflect on the implications of two *Nation* articles by Fred J. Cook (December 29, 1979, and this week on page 7). His documentation of the subservience of the Department of Energy and the White House to the oil industry challenges afresh the illusion that it is possible to have a genuinely public policy while energy remains in private hands. As attorney Daniel Guttman, upon whose recent Congressional testimony Cook draws heavily, concluded: "The D.O.E. has called on private contractors to such an extent that, were there a 'truth in government' law, the agency would be listed on the stock exchange rather than in the Government organizational manual. Were the identity of its contractors also made public, it would appear that the D.O.E. has chosen to employ the energy industry, rather than to regulate it."

But the problem goes beyond a complaisant bureaucracy and the corporate lobbyists dancing attendance upon the Congress, although such continuing corruption needs exposure. Despite all the fashionable attention by scholars, journalists and politicians, the hard data about reserves, refinery runs, profit breakdowns and the global allocation of supply remain largely proprietary. The corporate perspective, whether about capital investment or technological readiness (often a euphemism for profitability), still limits the alternatives and constrains public policy and planning. Regions of the world are still viewed as reservoirs or markets. The Federal Government is still confined to keeping supply down and prices up, to shouldering business risk at home and running diplomatic interference abroad—all on the shaky assumption that what is good for oil is good for the United States. Relief to those increasingly unable to meet spiraling energy costs, however compassionate, in effect becomes new subsidies to the powerful. Meanwhile, debate focuses upon alternative ways to manage the problem—to the accompaniment of denunciations of the producing nations

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and exhortations for a "profligate" public to consume less.

The irresponsible power of global corporations, with resources greater than those of many nation-states, is not likely to be countered effectively by jawboning, profits taxes, antitrust actions or divestiture—or even by the development of alternative renewable resources. Instead, their public relations efforts to "depoliticize" energy intensify. What needs to be challenged is the notion that energy is another commodity and that the business system is the appropriate vehicle for its development and control. Which candidate will take the initiative to place government ownership accompanied by comprehensive energy planning on the now sterile agenda of democratic politics?

Part Disclosure

Special Counsel Paul Curran's report on President Carter's finances last October cleared him of charges of criminal misconduct. Curran's investigation of possible illegalities arising out of the extension of loans totaling nearly $10 million to the Carter peanut business by the National Bank of Georgia, whose president was Carter's friend Bert Lance, also resolved some historical issues and made a major contribution toward revelation of President Carter's business and financial involvements. But further analysis reveals that it left at least four important questions unanswered.

Question one. The new information Curran came up with was the first official confirmation that money from Carter's Warehouse was used in one or both of Carter's earlier gubernatorial campaigns. In 1966 and 1970, Carter's Warehouse deferred scheduled repayments on a $175,000 Small Business Administration loan. These deferrals raised the question of whether this money, lent by the Small Business Administration and a participating bank, ostensibly for business purposes, was actually diverted to the gubernatorial campaigns in violation of Federal law. In an interview, Curran said that the records needed to determine whether the money was diverted were "not there," but added: "It is clear he [Carter] was using the Warehouse money for the campaigns in 1966 and 1970." Since the statute of limitations has run out on the possible violations, no further action was taken, but the ethical question remains: did Carter knowingly engage in this irregular co-mingling of funds?

Curran's investigation also confirmed a report in *The Nation* (see Peckarsky, "Carter's Campaign Finances," May 19, 1979) that between March 23 and May 14, 1976, the precise period when the Federal Elections Commission could not certify matching payments for Presidential candidates, Carter's Warehouse had an unsecured $1.15 million outstanding balance on loans from the National Bank of Georgia for the purchase of peanuts to be shelled.

Question two. The Curran report also explores the complex interrelationship among the finances of Jimmy Carter, Carter's Warehouse (a partnership in which Carter has a 62 percent interest) and Carter's Farms Inc. (in which Carter has a 91 percent interest), and demonstrates that full disclosure of the partnership's and the corporation's finances (i.e., Federal income tax returns with all schedules) is a prerequisite to a complete understanding of the President's finances. For example, in August and September 1977, when Bert Lance's overdrafts were first reported, Carter spokesmen were quick to assure inquiring reporters that while the President was proud of Lance, he did not condone overdrafts and had not written any himself. The Curran report, however, shows that from 1975 through 1977 the Warehouse issued $587,710 in overdrafts, and another $3 million in checks were written that the National Bank of Georgia held and did not process. Why?

Question three. The solicitude shown by the National Bank of Georgia in extending credit to Carter's Warehouse and not pressing for loan repayments inevitably raises the question of whether there was a quid pro quo that induced such treatment. The Curran investigators did look into the possibilities—with one exception. Curran said he briefly considered but rejected investigating the possibility of the President's having a conflict of interest when he was pushing the sale of F-15 jets to Saudi Arabia shortly after Lance had negotiated the sale of stock in the National Bank of Georgia to Ghaith Pharaon, a Saudi Arabian whose father is a close economic and political adviser to King Khalid. Ultimately, Pharaon purchased 60 percent of the bank's stock and paid Lance $2.4 million; an associate "lent" Lance $3.6 million without any documentation, and the bank reduced Carter's 1978 construction loan repayment by $60,000. Then, with a vigorous push from the President, Congress approved the sale of sixty F-15s to Saudi Arabia. Curran said he did not look into this transaction because "I was interested in banking violations." Because Curran did not regard the matter as within his purview, the question remains: were there any quid pro quos involved in the sale of Lance's bank, the reduction of Carter's 1978 loan repayment and the Saudi aircraft transaction?

Question four. The final major question left unanswered in Curran's public report was the propriety of the $9.8 million loan from the National Bank of Georgia to Carter's Warehouse—$1.1 million for the purchase of a peanut sheller and $8.7 million to purchase peanuts to be shelled. Specifically, did the Carters have a reasonable expectation of making a profit from this business expansion or was it a "sweetheart" loan? Curran pointed out that there was no extensive analysis of the loan by the bank's credit department before it was made, as would have been normal practice, but said no more. The facts behind this seemingly dubious loan are sequestered in the confidential report that was forwarded to the Attorney General, who has refused one Congressional request for the report. Curran explained that the answer to the loan question lay in testimony—presumably that of Jimmy and Billy Carter—and could not be publicly revealed. Carter said release of his testimony would be "inappropriate." The next move is up to Congress. As Curran said: "Should the Congress in its wisdom decide that the public interest in favor of disclosure of the full report [to the Attorney General] outweighs in this case the policy reasons underlying existing requirements of secrecy, Congress un-

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doubtedly may act to release the full report." One hopes that Congress will do so in the spirit of the words of candidate Jimmy Carter in his book *Why Not the Best?*: "Complete revelation of all business and financial involvements of major officials should be required, and none should be continued which constitute a possible conflict with the public interest."

PETER PECKARSKY

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Peter Peckarsky, an attorney, is the White House correspondent for the Washington Wire, a national news service.

Savak U.S.A.

The crowds outside the American Embassy have dwindled, their passions cooled for the moment by the onset of Teheran's snowy winter season and no doubt simple boredom at the interminable length of the show. But the crisis drags on and, as frustrations mount here at home, Americans must continue to remind themselves of the historical roots of the fanaticism, fear and seemingly absurd paranoia displayed by Iranian leaders.

Take Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, the opportunistic Foreign Minister who recently announced that he may be a candidate for the Presidency. Ghotbzadeh, like many of the other members of the powerful Revolutionary Council, had actively campaigned to overthrow the Shah during nearly two decades of exile in the United States, Europe and the Middle East. Not surprisingly, he became a target of Savak, the Pahlevi regime's American-trained secret police. Savak, the Shah himself admitted, was allowed to operate freely in the United States. Mike Wallace reported on a March 6, 1977, *60 Minutes* broadcast on CBS that Savak had hired one Jules Compera, an exiled Frenchman, to assassinate Ghotbzadeh and an associate, Nasser Afshar, the publisher of *Iran Free Press*, a dissident newspaper based in Washington, D.C. The Frenchman decided not to carry out his Savak assignment and instead tipped off Ghotbzadeh.

What is disturbing about this little story is Wallace's report that our own intelligence agencies were aware of Savak's death squads. Wallace interviewed Prof. Richard Cottam, a former diplomat who once served in Teheran, who said, "I was told by someone in Government, a friend of mine whom I trust very much . . . that this was true, that assassination squads had been dispatched to the United States and Europe by Savak. This individual wanted me to inform some of the possible victims." Documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act show that the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Central Intelligence Agency regularly exchanged information with Savak, and actually passed on information about Afshar to Savak.

Ghotbzadeh no doubt is quite certain that the American Government cooperated in Savak's efforts to assassinate him. The story of the American Government's complicity with Savak operations of this sort will remain incomplete, however, without a full accounting by the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. Their files on the subject should become a part of the public record through an independent investigation of the Shah's "crimes" and the entire Pahlevi-American cooperation—an investigation that would be desirable and necessary even if it were not an adjunct to the resolution of the Iranian-U.S. impasse.

Selective Rights

In upholding the power of the Carter Administration to enforce the immigration laws selectively against students of Iranian origin, three judges of a United States Court of Appeals asserted that, "in a case such as the one presented here, it is not the business of courts to pass judgment on the decisions of the President in the field of foreign policy."

This is doubly wrongheaded. It is wrong in accepting the Carter Administration's contention that its action has anything to do with securing the release of the hostages. The Khomeini regime disdains Western education and has called on Iranian students to return home. Deporting the students, therefore, is of no value in putting pressure on the Iranian Government. The Iranian students are being singled out for domestic political reasons. President Carter is harassing them to demonstrate his toughness, not to Khomeini but to the American electorate.

The other reason the court decision is wrong is more serious. The right of all persons (not just citizens) to equal treatment under law regardless of national origin is now unprotected because a President claims it conflicts with his conduct of foreign policy. This echoes the Supreme Court's infamous dictum in 1943 (*Hirabayashi* v. *United States*) upholding the imposition of curfews on Japanese-Americans: "If it was an appropriate exercise of the war power, its validity is not impaired because it has restricted the citizen's liberty." Indeed, the Court of Appeals goes further by permitting the President to restrict liberty when he claims it serves his conduct of foreign policy as well as when he exercises the war power.

The three judges on this panel—Roger Robb, Edward Allen Tamm and George MacKinnon—have long been noted for their insensitivity to civil liberty. We hope that their colleagues on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, who are now being asked to review this decision *en banc*, will examine more skeptically the President's claim that he acted for foreign-policy reasons, and will demonstrate more concern for equal protection of the laws.

SYMPOSIUM (Cont.)

Our Israeli peace symposium resumes on page 19 with Uriel Simon's response to the questions: "Under what conditions would the creation of an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza Strip be acceptable to you? How would you like to see political accommodation with the Palestinians come about?"

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23—Supporters of Senator Edward Kennedy who had accused Governor Ronald Reagan of "waging a campaign mired in the past" must have exulted last night when the Governor began the third Presidential campaign debate by pressing the issue of Quemoy and Matsu. The exultation surely evaporated a few moments later, though, when it became obvious that Senator Kennedy was under the impression that Quemoy and Matsu were two National Security Administration code clerks who defected to the Russians—reflecting a briefing failure by the Kennedy camp that observers here believe would never have happened before Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. left the campaign to devote full time to his two-volume history of Elaine's.

One can sympathize with Senator Kennedy's irritation at seeing the questioners move casually from Quemoy and Matsu right back to Chappaquiddick ("Speaking of offshore islands, Senator . . . "). Surely, though, the Senator brings on some of the questions himself by his policy of stepping away from the microphone each time Chappaquiddick is mentioned, and having the question answered on his behalf by Paul Markham and Joseph Gargan. Suspicions that Gargan and Markham may have at some point agreed upon an official version of the incident are hardly laid to rest by their custom of answering all questions about Chappaquiddick in chorus.

The only questioner who did not dwell on Chappaquiddick in last night's debate—Rafferty O'Leary, the Boston political writer—may prove to be more embarrassing to Senator Kennedy than those who did, since he continues to reject the suggestion that there is any conflict of interest in his being a questioner in three straight debates while continuing to work weekends as an assistant groom on the Senator's McLean, Virginia, estate. Observers who thought that Mr. O'Leary's bias against Governor Reagan was clear from the sort of questions he asked in the first debate ("Governor, don't you think, when it gets right down to it, you're just too old to cut the mustard?") and from his snoring through one of Governor Reagan's answers in the second debate were fortified in that belief last night not only by the tone of Mr. O'Leary's questioning of Governor Reagan ("You're trying to tell the American public, then, that those are all your own teeth?") but by his implication that the Governor has a hearing aid hidden in his pompadour ("I understand, Governor, that the Japanese make some super little models that are completely resistant to hair dye"). Under the circumstances, there has been strong pressure on John Sears, the Reagan campaign manager, to lodge an official protest about Mr. O'Leary with the debate moderator, Thatcher Baxter Hatcher of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee—even though any hope for action by Mr. Hatcher is obviously clouded by the fact that he also works as an assistant groom on the Senator's McLean, Virginia, estate. No one knows, of course, how much of Mr. Sears's reluctance so far to make such a protest is due to campaign strategy and how much, if any, is due to the fact that he himself has recently begun working part time as an assistant groom on the Senator's McLean, Virginia, estate.

Although Governor Reagan only removed his shirt three times last night and referred to Senator Kennedy as "lard-gut" only twice, his policy of aggressively anticipating any concern about his age continues to get him in trouble—this time by including in a list of world leaders who are older than he is the name of Konrad Adenauer. It is true that Mr. Adenauer was known as *Der Alte*, but it is also true that he is dead. Furthermore, contrary to what Governor Reagan seems to believe, what Mr. Adenauer was Chancellor of was West Germany, not the University of California at Davis. Mentioning Eubie Blake, the renowned jazz composer and performer, as a possible Secretary of the Treasury seemed a transparent attempt by Governor Reagan to link his celebration of the energy and vitality of some older Americans with an appeal to the black vote. Mr. Blake, who is twenty-four years past the mandatory retirement age for Federal employees, was wise to state immediately after the debate that he had no interest whatsoever in being Secretary of the Treasury ("nickels and dimes, nickels and dimes").

The Governor only compounded his problems by going from his discussion of Mr. Blake to a discussion of the great black leader W.E.B. DuBois—who, contrary to what the Governor appears to have been told, was not a nationally known tap dancer while at Harvard. It may be, as Governor Reagan implied, that the reason for Mr. DuBois joining the Communist Party in his 90s was that he had taken Nikita Khrushchev's remark "We will bury you!" as a literal offer. In any case, burial insurance through membership in one organization or another was traditional among black people of W.E.B. DuBois's generation, and there was no reason for the Governor to interpret his becoming a Communist as "typical of that something-for-nothing crowd."

It is surprising that the question of which candidate has the support of Jimmy Carter has become an issue in the debates, since Mr. Carter has limited political influence as a lame-duck President and will presumably have even less in his new job as city manager of Cincinnati, Ohio. Furthermore, Mr. Carter is on record as saying that those who choose between candidates endanger national unity. Most observers here believe that Mr. Carter could still have won the Democratic nomination himself if only his attempts to punish Mayor Jane Byrne for defecting to Senator Kennedy had stopped at closing the main post office of Chicago. It was clear that most Americans simply did not agree with White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan that withdrawing the Federally funded air traffic controllers from O'Hare Airport was "nothing more than plain old hardball politics," and it is no wonder that both Presidential candidates claim never to have met Mr. Carter. The claim is a bit more difficult for Senator Kennedy to make, since it is widely known in Washington that before the Cincinnati offer was made, Mr. Carter was interviewed for the position of assistant groom on the Senator's McLean, Virginia, estate.

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ARTICLES.

Carter's Hidden Oil Scandal

FRED J. COOK

On Tuesday, November 13, I was having lunch in my favorite New Jersey diner when an oil dealer whom I have known for years came storming in. He was fuming with indignation. "Do you know what they've done now?" he roared in a voice that carried throughout the room. "They" were the oil companies. What had provoked my friend's outburst was the report that twenty-four hours after President Carter's announcement that the United States wouldn't buy any more oil from Iran, heating-oil prices rose 3 cents a gallon.

The news stories following the President's announcement of the boycott all predicted that the cutoff would not create any immediate shortage since we import only about 4 percent of our oil from Iran. They did, however, warn that heating-oil prices would probably go higher "in the months ahead." But the big oil companies couldn't wait for "the months ahead." They imposed their new gouge immediately.

When my own fuel dealer came to top off my tank the next afternoon, I found that my furious friend had been right: the oil was up 3 cents a gallon. "They all raised their prices Monday night," the deliveryman said. My bill confirmed that at 85.9 cents a gallon the mere 92.4 gallons that had been put into my tank was going to cost me $79.37. I shuddered at the thought of winter weather coming—and the chilling prospect of more gouges hiking the price of heating oil to possibly $1 a gallon by spring.

My experience was multiplied by millions of American homeowners. But their outrage would have been even greater if they had known that what is involved is more than windfall profit-taking. The Carter Administration is obliviously sitting on a pricing and manipulation scandal that involves virtually the entire oil industry and that has widespread ramifications. The most immediately obvious of these is that the cartel's ever-higher price-fixing is a major factor in boosting double-digit inflation and threatens the entire nation with a major depression.

Here are some of the salient facts:

§ On October 29, Stuart Eizenstat, chief domestic policy adviser to the President, wrote, then hastily withdrew, a memorandum that was, in effect, a condemnation of the oil companies. Eizenstat wrote: "Increases in the price of crude oil by the OPEC nations can account for much less than one-half of the price increases so far this year in refined petroleum products." He wrote: "Gross margins for refiners increased 6.9 percent during the three months ending in March, 15.7 percent during the three months ending in June, and 37.4 percent during the three months ending in September (these are actual increases, not annual rates)." He wrote: "From April through August, energy alone added about five points to the CPI [the Consumer Price Index, which showed an inflation rate of 13 percent]." He wrote: "There are indications that some major oil companies tried to cover up the size of their third-quarter profits. . . ."

§ Representative John D. Dingell's House Subcommittee on Energy and Power has established that virtually every major oil company witness appearing before Congressional committees has lied. They have insisted that their higher prices have been caused by higher costs; but Dingell's investigators have pried out the admission that costs are not even considered in pricing—the sole criterion is the majors' estimate of "what the market will bear."

§ In one hearing, Texaco admitted that its gross refinery margin had increased from 9 cents a gallon to more than 18 cents, a jump of 102 percent. Yet increased refinery costs

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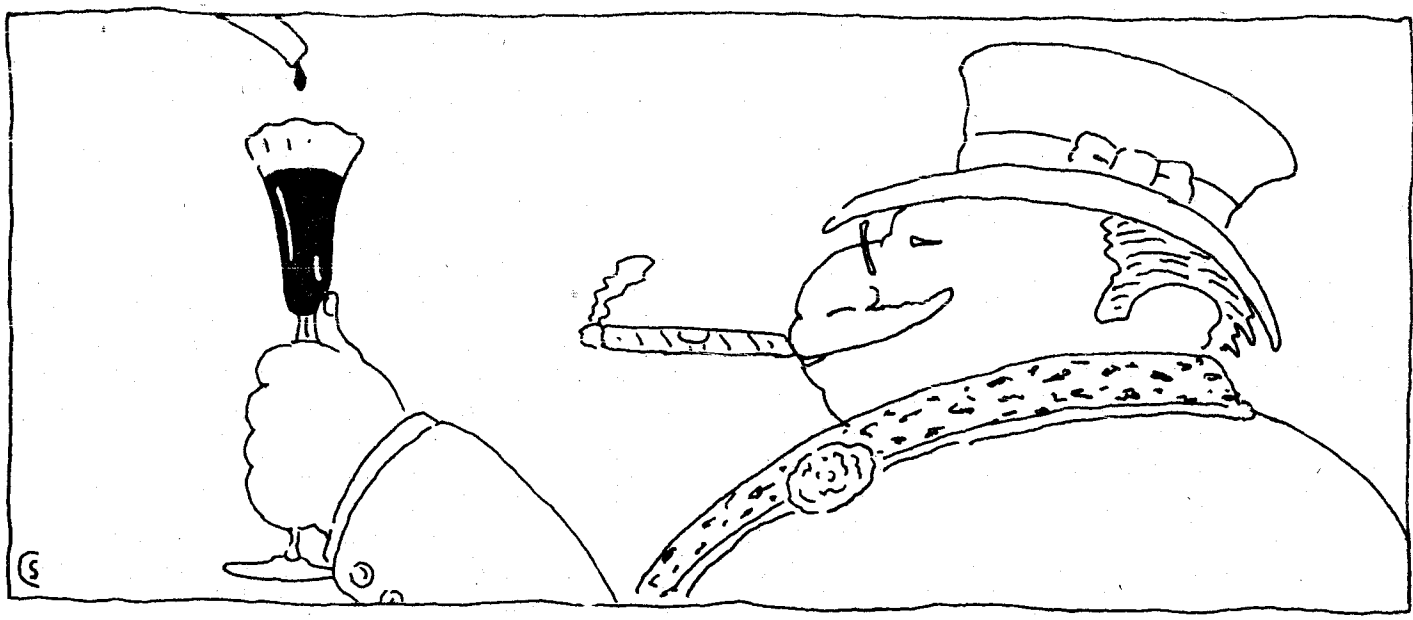

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were only 28 percent—"leaving," as Representative Dingell said, "75 percent of their increase unexplained by cost increases."

§ Sitting on top of this mess is President Carter's own Department of Energy, which has for years been falsely assuring Congressmen and the public that it was carefully monitoring decontrolled heating-oil prices. A staff report by Dingell's aides holds otherwise: "The staff interviewed the DOE experts on heating oil and asked how the companies priced their product. Although they admitted *they had never asked the companies*, they felt they [the companies] performed elaborate marginal cost analyses—like the textbooks suggest. The DOE staff explained that *the major refiners were responsible companies and would not gouge the consumer—therefore, they did not attempt to verify any of the numbers used in their various heating oil margin studies.*" (Italics added.)

This domestic price-gouging has been aided and abetted by the oil cartel's maneuvers on the international scene. The insatiable greed of the major oil companies—their determination to maximize profits at whatever cost to the American public—led them during the "gasoline crisis" of last summer to divert the oil they had bought under long-term contracts at the lowest prices from the American market to the sky-high spot market in Rotterdam.

Brian Ross, in a series on NBC's *Nightly News* in mid-October, backed mighty Exxon into a corner trying to explain the diversion of tankers from its Aruba refinery to Europe. First, Ed Hess, a vice president of Exxon, insisted such shipments were extremely "rare." He added that "for all intents and purposes in the recent past it [the oil shipments] all comes to the United States." Lloyd's of London told a different story. Its records showed that fifteen Exxon tankers left Aruba in the first part of this year, carrying more than three million barrels of various petroleum products to Europe. When Ross tried to question Hess about this discrepancy, Hess became suddenly unavailable. But A.K. Wolgast, manager of planning for Exxon International, pinch-hit and admitted the fifteen tanker shipments to Europe. Four tankerloads went to customers he refused to identify, apparently because they were spot-market shipments. Wolgast's rationale was that, since Exxon is an international company, it has customers in Europe, too, and it has to try to be "fair" to everybody.

Exxon was not alone in playing tunes on the spot market. *Energy User News* reported that Texaco had diverted 65,000 barrels a day from its Caribbean refineries to the spot market and that other Caribbean refineries—Bahamas Oil Refining Company, partly owned by Standard Oil of California, and Shell Curaçao NV—had played the same game.

All of this led Terence O'Rourke, energy adviser to President Carter's anti-inflation chief, Alfred Kahn, to prepare a devastating and exhaustively documented report on oil company machinations. Described as a confidential analysis for the White House, the report became public in late November. It accused "a handful" of major American companies of using their leverage on the world market to drive up prices. O'Rourke found, as had been charged, that U.S. companies diverted low-priced crude from the American to the spot market in Rotterdam. Then they cut off sales to smaller oil companies that traditionally had bought from them. This forced the smaller companies to pay spot-market prices, driving up those prices, driving up the price they had to charge on the American scene—and so building a higher price platform that would justify the majors in raising *their* prices, despite the fact that theirs was lower-priced crude. It was a beautifully orchestrated merry-go-round—and the victims were the American people.

The effect, as O'Rourke correctly forecast, has been to lay the basis for further price rises. The ruthless manner in which major American companies manipulated the spot market did not go unnoticed in Saudi Arabia. The Saudis, the largest crude-oil suppliers and the most reasonable, had been selling their crude to the majors for considerably less than many other OPEC nations were charging. They had accused major American companies of just such an international spot-market rip-off before the last round of OPEC price increases, but no one had listened. The Saudis told Treasury Secretary G. William Miller that, unless Congress forced cutbacks in the huge oil company profits, OPEC would certainly try to get even. "They feel they've been taken advantage of by the oil companies," Miller said.

The Saudis followed up this warning by acting on their own even before OPEC leaders met in Venezuela on December 17, 1979. On December 13, Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, Qatar and Venezuela announced that they were raising oil prices $6 a barrel—a 33.3 percent increase for the Saudis, who furnish about 20 percent of our imported oil. This huge jump in crude-oil prices was expected to add at least 11 cents a gallon to gasoline and heating oil—that is, unless the Carter Administration takes some action to keep heating oil from tracking gasoline cent by cent. Then, on December 17—still before the OPEC oil ministers had begun their ultimately futile attempt to set a new benchmark price—several American majors seized upon the Saudi increases to jump up gas and heating-oil prices. Exxon and Chevron were the worst offenders, setting a 6-cent-a-gallon jump. Others raised prices 2 or 3 cents a gallon. All were reaping additional millions of dollars by charging higher prices on oil bought and refined months earlier at far cheaper rates. These increases are almost certain to be only a first step in what promises to be tremendous profits for the oil companies.

Meanwhile, landlords of 310,000 rent-controlled apartments in New York City were seeking $40-a-month rent hikes to cover the present jacked-up heating-oil prices. Through all of this, the American media continued to grumble about the "blackmail" being practiced by OPEC, while ignoring the clear evidence that OPEC's price piracy is the direct result of spot-market manipulations by the American majors and their oil cartel.

Those most cruelly victimized in this whole outrageous scam are American homeowners who heat with No. 2 fuel oil. Though gasoline had soared to an average of $1 or

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more a gallon before the latest price increase, heating oil, historically for a half-century one of the cheapest products of the refineries, has become almost as expensive. When, for example, I could buy Exxon regular gasoline for 95.1 cents a gallon, including 12 cents in state and Federal taxes, and I was paying 85.9 cents for heating oil that is untaxed in New Jersey, simple arithmetic tells me I was being robbed. And common sense adds that this could not happen except for two factors: unconscionable manipulation of the market and the complaisance of the Department of Energy, which Big Oil has so thoroughly infiltrated at the top that they virtually manage it. (See Cook, "Big Oil's Washington Subsidiary," *The Nation*, December 29, 1979.)

The Dingell staff investigation gives the best insight into both parts of the problem. Having obtained the admission from the Department of Energy that it does not monitor prices but just trusts what the oil companies tell it because they are all honorable gentlemen together, the Dingell staff set out to discover how the home-heating oil prices are really set. After interviewing officials of major companies, the staff concluded: "Contrary to their recent testimony before Congressional committees, the major oil companies did no marginal cost analysis as the basis for their enormous price increases over the last year. Staff interviews of top officials of some of the major oil companies have revealed that most of the companies 'charge what the market will bear.' "

In determining this maximum market tolerance, the companies cite as justification a daily pricing service known as *Platts Oilgram*, published by McGraw-Hill. *Platts* reports high and low transactions for the previous day in major market areas. How does *Platts* know? "Apparently," the subcommittee memorandum says, "no one has ever investigated *Platts* to determine how they collect their price information." However, the investigators found, the *Platts* data may be unreliable: "One executive told the staff that he was familiar with the *Platts* process—they merely call a few refineries and check the prices—they do not check with both the seller and the purchaser to determine whether a bona-fide sale took place. He claims that some cargoes have been sold as many as four times [another version of the daisy chain], resulting in a jacked-up price that was accepted by *Platts*. He said that 'of course it can be rigged.' "

The *Platts* quotes may be helpful as justification, but the oil companies would jiggle prices to suit themselves even without this device, the subcommittee staff concluded. They wrote: "The fear of the heating-oil shortage has created a market that is particularly vulnerable to monopoly pricing, and this is what has occurred."

As an example, the staff cited interviews with Gulf Oil Corporation officials who admitted frankly that they did not base their prices on costs but on "what the market will bear." Between April 1978 and June 15, 1979, Gulf pricing decisions were made by the district managers in Gulf's sixteen districts. After June 15, pricing authority was centralized in Houston. The manager of Gulf's Philadelphia district was especially proud of his performance in the free-wheeling period when he had authority to set prices. He admitted that he had jacked up heating-oil prices twenty-eight times in nine months, most of the raises coming between January and June 1979. "The district manager informed the staff," the memo reads, "that his objectives were to maximize revenues and to minimize costs in order to optimize profits." This district manager felt that as long as he was not out of line with the rest of the market (here the *Platts* data would help as justification) whatever price he set was a fair price. The subcommittee memorandum added: "It is interesting to note, however, that what the major companies have done in most markets is to leapfrog each other on price, essentially ratcheting the price up, with each company following the market that has no relationship to cost increases."

This is the bleak and disgraceful record of what has happened since the Ford Administration, in its last bequest to Big Oil, decontrolled home-heating oil prices in June 1976. With the lid taken off, prices went from 19 cents a gallon then to today's "low price" of 88.9 cents. Yet, despite this graphic example of the rape of the American homeowner, all President Carter can do is call for more decontrol. He has already completely decontrolled "heavy oil," the especially gummy substance that can be brought up from the bottom of existing wells by the injection of steam. He has also signed a gradual decontrol order that will take the lid off all petroleum products by 1981. Had the president of Exxon himself sat in the White House, he couldn't have done much more for Big Oil.

It has been estimated that Jimmy Carter's full decontrol might add something like a trillion dollars to the revenues of the oil companies in the decade ahead. To make such a huge beneficence acceptable, Carter calls loudly for a "tough" windfall profits tax. The tax would smooth the way for everything, we are told. It would help pay some of the exorbitant home-heating costs of the poor, and it would provide the billions of dollars needed to find more oil and to develop synthetic fuels.

The fallacy should be obvious, though the President ignores it. It is simply this: the already bloated revenues of Big Oil have allowed major companies to spend billions of dollars in all kinds of business ventures unrelated to petroleum. Mobil spent more than $1 billion to buy Montgomery Ward; Exxon some $1.7 billion to buy Reliance, and Gulf a fortune as part of an international cartel that cornered uranium supplies. The Justice Department brought an antitrust action against Gulf, the upshot of which was that the company was allowed to plead no contest to a misdemeanor and pay a $40,000 fine for taking part in a price-fixing scheme that by some estimates added billions of dollars to the cost of nuclear power and electricity in this country.

What happened in the Gulf case is standard operating procedure in the Administration of Jimmy Carter. One reads almost daily in the press that Paul Bloom, the Energy Department's special counsel, has brought new charges of oil company price violations running into millions of dollars. At last count, Bloom had accused thirty-five of the largest oil companies of $7.8 billion in overcharges. The

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press accounts read as if the department was taking vigorous action. But when one looks, one realizes that Bloom's charges are just "administrative complaints." Some are being fought by the accused companies, but many have been "settled," much as the Gulf uranium case was "settled." None of the consumers who were victimized in Bloom's alleged $7.8 billion rip-off are going to see a cent of the money that was filched from their pockets. And criminal actions, God forbid, are anathema to this Administration. Bloom told Dingell's staff that he had referred sixteen or seventeen cases to the Justice Department for criminal prosecution, but Justice told Dingell's aides it had received only two or three such referrals from the D.O.E. And Justice added that it "had initiated no investigations on its own."

Carter's rhetoric about a tough windfall tax blithely ignores what the Saudi Arabians know—that the *present* bloated oil company revenues are abundantly sufficient to finance oil explorations. The abysmal conduct of the oil industry in performing its function was spelled out in explicit detail by Daniel Guttman, a Washington lawyer and energy expert, in his testimony before the Senate subcommittee on civil service and general services. "Although it may surprise devotees of oil industry advertising," Guttman testified, "these corporations provide scandalously little support for R&D [research and development]. *Business Week*'s 1979 R&D survey, for example, shows that the oil industry continues to rest at the bottom of the industrial totem pole. In 1978, for example, the 'fuel' industry's (including Exxon, Gulf, Texaco, Shell, SoCal, Amoco and 14 other oil companies) R&D expenditures equaled 8.6 percent of profits. By comparison, the automotive industry spent 70.2 percent, the chemical industry spent 41.3 percent, the drug industry spent 48.4 percent, the 'electronics' industry spent 56.1 percent, and the leisure-time industry spent 48.1 percent. General Motors alone spent considerably more ($1.633 billion) than the twenty oil companies surveyed ($970 million)."

In the face of such statistics, in defiance of the documented record of economic hardships imposed on the American public by Big Oil, Jimmy Carter asks for evermore stringent measures. He talks darkly about looming shortages at a time when *The Wall Street Journal* of December 9, 1979, was quoting oil experts as predicting there would be a glut on the world market in 1980, at a time when the New York Mercantile Exchange was reporting that "almost every fuel tank in the Port of New York is full up [clogged in part by heating oil that has been in low demand during the warmer than usual fall weather]. Incoming tanker loads ordered many months ago cannot be discharged, and it costs a fortune each day to have a tanker riding at anchor in the bay."

Yet Jimmy Carter faithfully follows the oil industry scenario of "crisis to create panic to justify higher prices." He clamors for a standby rationing plan; and, though not yet fully committing himself, he begins the brainwashing process needed to get the public to accept the eventual imposition of a 50-cent-a-gallon gasoline tax. Such a tax would be an almost certain prescription for economic disaster. It would boost the price of everything, adding to a runaway inflation, because America runs, of necessity, on oil, from the farm to transportation to getting back and forth to work and to the shopping center malls. Such a tax lifted out of the pockets of the American consumers would have the second and equally obvious effect of cutting back on purchasing power and insuring a worse recession—or depression. Though Jimmy Carter gave the American people a "Christmas present" by dropping his plans for rationing and the 50-cent tax in the face of the anticipated 1980 oil glut, he made it clear that both plans might be revived in the future. All that would be needed would be another real or manufactured oil "crisis"—and don't bet that this won't happen. □

Cold-War Nerves In West Germany

LUCY KOMISAR

Berlin

It was my first trip to East Berlin. I was entering as a tourist, but in haste I had forgotten to pluck the press cards from my wallet. At the Friedrichstrasse exit, where the S-Bahn disgorges train passengers into the Communist sector, an East German security guard fingered the cards and my reporter's notebook and left me sitting on a straight chair while he disappeared with my purse. I passed an uneasy fifteen minutes, the end of an hour-and-a-half border-crossing ordeal, but I got the bag back and had no further trouble. The harsh new laws that restrict foreign journalists are aimed not at Americans but at West Germans, especially television correspondents, whose broadcasts now reach 80 percent of East Germany's people.

A paradox of détente was that it led the German Democratic Republic (G.D.R.) to loosen controls on the foreign press. As a result, citizens talked critically for West German television, and a nervous Communist bureaucracy clamped down on the press again. Conservatives in West Germany cite such backlash as proof that former Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* (Eastern policy—the German version of détente) is a failure. But Social Democrats say it is a minor side effect of a highly successful policy that has sent visitors streaming across the border and lessened East Germany's isolation, while reducing the Eastern threat to the security of West Germany and West Berlin.

Now, ten years after Brandt, a Social Democrat, began *Ostpolitik*, members of his party fear it is jeopardized by the frost in United States-Soviet relations and the planned de-

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ployment in Europe of intermediate-range nuclear missiles, which the NATO ministers approved last month. The Social Democrats' stake in détente made them look favorably on Soviet Premier Leonid Brezhnev's October offer to cut troops and tank strength in the G.D.R. indicating that he would show restraint if the missiles, which would be targeted on Russia, were not stationed in Europe. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, seizing upon the offer as a possible step toward European force-reduction talks, proposed a cutback in Soviet and American ground troops and 1,000 nuclear warheads. But the American Government took a harsher view of Brezhnev's offer. It feared that Russia was "playing the German card," i.e., exploiting West Germany's desire for détente to turn it against the United States' policy on Western European defense, thus weakening the NATO alliance.

This interpretation of Soviet motives leaves many of Germany's ruling Social Democrats frustrated and angry. They don't want Central Europe to become the theater for renewed political and military rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union. They have experienced that already—during the Berlin crisis twenty years ago. It was Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, culminating in treaties with Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, that defused the Berlin time bomb and opened up a new era of relations between the two Germanys. These ties are now as important to Schmidt at home as are Carter's own domestic political pressures to "stand up to the Russians."

When Brandt became Chancellor in 1969, he was convinced that America would not promote German reunification, and he wanted more normal relations with East Germany. He sought to preserve the idea of German nationhood, but in the end he settled for recognition of "existing historical realities"—two sovereign lands.

Renewed personal contact has been the most dramatic effect of the treaty. In 1978, eight million West Germans traveled to the G.D.R., and almost two million East Germans, in a country of sixteen million, visited the Federal Republic. However, East Germany allows only people who are retired or over 65 and carefully selected others to travel to the West. "The simple ability of *Onkel* Herbert to visit *Tante* Luise makes things better on the human level," says David Anderson, the highest ranking member of the American mission in West Berlin. "When you want to go to Leipzig on the weekend, you can't get through for the West German Mercedes on the road."

And that has a political impact. People who live in the Federal Republic tell friends and relatives in East Germany about life in the West, and East Germans who travel the other way bring reports home. "Hardly anybody in the G.D.R. believes the propaganda any more," says Peter Corterier, a Social Democratic member of the Bundestag, the West German parliament, and a spokesman for his party on foreign policy. "It's a major achievement for us—and a constant challenge for the Communist leadership."

The repatriation of nearly 300,000 ethnic Germans from Eastern Europe (mostly from Poland), and permission for more than 100,000 of them to leave East Germany since the treaties is also a major accomplishment, say the Social Democrats.

The agreements with the East had a beneficial impact on West Germany's foreign relations. "It lessened the picture people had of Germany as an enemy," says Egon Bahr, the treaties' chief architect and general secretary of the Social Democratic Party. "The language of diplomacy and the way Germans were treated in the media in Eastern and Western Europe all turned around," Anderson agrees. Without *Ostpolitik*, he said, "it would have been very difficult for them to pretend to any leadership role in Europe, particularly vis-à-vis the East."

Internationally, Bahr says, "bilateral *Ostpolitik* was the condition for multilateral *Ostpolitik*—the Helsinki Accord." For the G.D.R., the chief gains have been international political recognition, money and trade. Its nationhood was acknowledged by the West, it got large sums for roads and repatriated political prisoners, and West Germany became its second largest trading partner after the Soviet Union, providing goods it cannot get elsewhere. And the G.D.R. is a funnel for trade between East and West, because West Germany insisted that it be exempt from Common Market customs barriers in order to promote the idea of a single German nation.

But *Ostpolitik* has also brought the Communist country troubles, for contact with the West has magnified East Germans' dissatisfactions. Détente lessened the propaganda against the West and made possible a more open and critical discussion about internal developments. East Germans talked about what was wrong with the society. The G.D.R. is the most industrialized nation in the Communist bloc—it ranks tenth among all nations—and consumers get more there than in other Eastern lands, but most hard currency goes for capital investment. Popular opposition erupted recently after the Government made it more difficult for East Germans to spend hard currency in the state's Intershops. "East Germans kept meeting people who told them about their living style," said an East Berliner who was afraid to be quoted by name. "People have been proud of things, but it all lost its relevance when Westerners came and showed off."

The G.D.R. tries to inhibit discontent by restricting contacts. Low-level officials are not allowed to talk to Westerners, and last spring harsher restrictions were put into effect. Press laws banned foreign journalists from carrying on interviews or inquiries without official permission; a West German TV correspondent was expelled; two authors, one a winner of East Germany's national book award, were fined several thousand dollars ostensibly for violating exchange laws by publishing in the West (actually because they made critical remarks about their country on Western TV), and the G.D.R. set jail sentences of up to twelve years for the crime of supplying Westerners with information damaging to the state, and ordered five-year terms for sending abroad damaging manuscripts, tapes or other materials. On the other hand, on its recent thirtieth anniversary, the G.D.R. freed

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25,000 prisoners, many of them jailed for political crimes.

West German conservative opposition condemns what Dr. Henning Wegener, foreign relations official for the Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.), called "the Government's lack of determination to react against violations of the treaty and to play down unpleasant facts—the dissidents, the restraint of immigration, the whole grubby picture of what their state looks like compared to ours. At the moment, the G.D.R. is pretty sure it can do almost anything, because the present Government will not react or press them."

The conservatives acknowledge that the visits are worthwhile, but say they cost too much. "We pay 800 million marks [about $450 million] a year to the G.D.R. to rebuild roads between East and West. We pay for post traffic. But we have no equivalence between the things we give and the things we receive from the East," says Dr. Walter Spaeth, foreign affairs staff chief for Franz-Josef Strauss, head of the Christian Social Union (C.S.U.). The C.D.U.-C.S.U. coalition wants the Government to use its economic leverage to force human-rights concessions.

The Social Democrats, however, oppose official denunciations of human-rights violations by the Communists. "*Ostpolitik* was never conceived as a kind of ideological competition with the East," contends Dieter Detke, senior aide for the Social Democrats in the Bundestag. "If you use human rights as an ideological weapon, the situation of the dissidents may become worse." Thus, the Social Democrats regard President Carter's attacks on suppression of dissidents as counterproductive, because they threaten détente. When there are conflicts between East and West, the Soviet Union represses dissidents even more, using national security as an excuse, they say.

"Before we started détente, no dissident had a chance to be a dissident," observes Horst Ehmke, Social Democratic deputy leader of the Bundestag. He is surprised that the East Germans have gone as far as they have in allowing exchanges with the West. "It is very difficult for the system, astonishing that the Russians were able to press them to it."

Right now, relations between East and West Germany are cool. The East Germans were angered when West Berlin chose three members of the European Parliament, in violation of the four-power agreement on Berlin, which legally is not part of either state. The G.D.R. retaliated by abolishing the special status of its own Berlin deputies and having them elected directly rather than appointed to the Volkskammer. However, Chancellor Schmidt will meet with East German Communist Party leader Erich Honecker in the spring. There are practical problems to solve, such as additional border checkpoints and easier crossings, antipollution agreements for shared waterways and cooperation on energy. Both countries are interested in a long-term trade arrangement. Greater cooperation on economic and practical matters may indeed come about, but that is a long way from the "change by rapprochement" envisioned by *Ostpolitik*'s inventors. This fact makes the recurrent rumors of secret negotiations for a united, neutral Germany somewhat ludicrous.

The latest such story, reported in the London *Observer*, claimed that the Russians are trying to woo West Germany away from NATO in exchange for reunification. The same notion reached teapot-tempest proportions last year, when American national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski said at a Washington dinner party that Germany "seemed to be engaged in a process of self-Finlandization." (The foreign policy of neutral Finland, of course, takes into careful account the wishes of its Soviet neighbor.)

His comment was made in the context of debate over the neutron bomb. Bahr had called the bomb "a perversion of thinking," and some conservatives said Schmidt had agreed with Brezhnev not to allow it on German soil. Later, there were reports that Herbert Wehner, the Social Democratic leader in the parliament, and Bahr were negotiating with the Russians on Germany's gradual withdrawal from NATO. The opposition charged that plans called for neutrality, followed in due course by reunification. Chancellor Schmidt denied the allegations before the Bundestag.

Then, early last year, Wehner proclaimed that the Russian weapons were "defensive only" and that the West was not trying hard enough to reach an agreement on European troop reductions in the Vienna mutual balanced force reduction talks. He also said that although reunification was not possible, ties between East and West Germany could develop into some sort of economic community. After Wehner's remarks, the charges of secret plots promptly resurfaced. "There are plans, and Bahr didn't deny there are plans," charged Olaf von Wrangel, chairman of the Christian Democrats' committee on relations with East Germany. "One of the last steps is abolition of NATO as well as the Warsaw Pact. I am very sure they are flirting with that thought, but I can't prove it."

The Social Democrats counter that while there is nothing they would like better than the end of the cold-war division of Europe, the abolition of either NATO or the Warsaw Pact remains in the realm of fantasy. Actually, Wehner made his comments because he feared that the conflict between the big powers might jeopardize détente. "We might go back into a cold war, and we would pay the highest price, being a divided country and having our problems in Berlin," as Ehmke put it. Anderson confirms that Wehner was simply trying to start up a debate on German defense policy at a time when he believed that stationing new weapons in Germany could hurt relations with the East. "Self-Finlandization ignores how tightly tied into the West West Germany is," Anderson said. He called the idea of Germany pulling out of NATO and the Common Market "unbelievable," adding, "it's funny anybody could conceive of it."

Social Democrats think Brzezinski's remark reflected a marked ignorance of German and European realities. "It's so obvious that the only way to maintain our security vis-à-vis the Soviet Union and to maintain détente is through the support of the United States," says Corterier. "Unification could be only a European solution, within a European peace solution," adds Hamburg Mayor Hans-Ulrich Klose.

The socialists do not really see reunification as a likely

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prospect. Neither the West nor the Russians are enthusiastic about the prospect of one large German state. Germany's present allies still have memories of World War II, and Russia does not want another China on its borders. A change in East Germany could also weaken the Soviet Union's hold over the rest of Europe. Some West Germans also doubt the desirability of reunification. They are skeptical of the possibility of integrating such different political and economic systems.

As a result, interest in the subject has been small in the Federal Republic, although the conservatives continue to talk about "free elections" for the East and there has been a revival among youth of a sense of a German nationhood and identity. "If there is no practical program for détente [and its attendant relations with the G.D.R.] the right could organize support for a policy of reunification on an irrational level," says Wolfgang Roth, a member of parliament. "Therefore, we must keep this question open for the long run. That's Wehner's principal idea, not to achieve reunification, but to occupy this position."

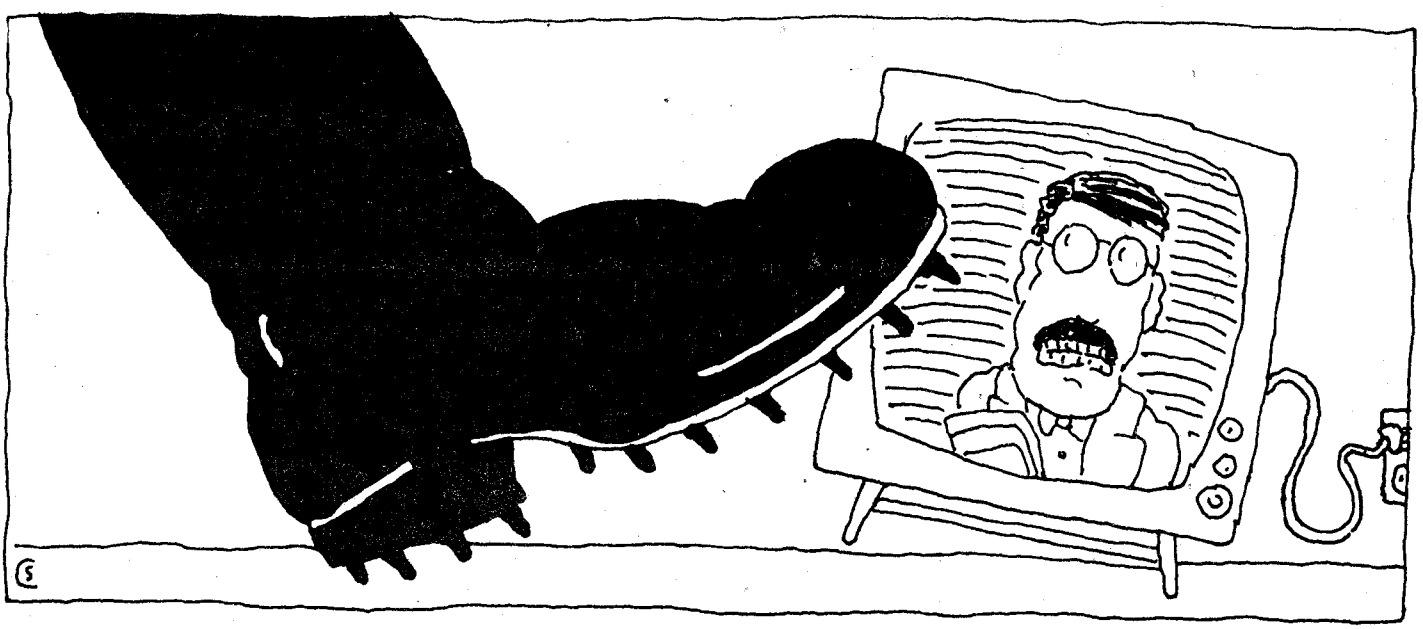
The United States does not take seriously the charges of secret negotiations leading to reunification, said an American official who asked not to be identified. However, America is afraid that Germany might be supersensitive to Russian interests out of its desire to preserve détente. "We are concerned that there not be too big a tendency to anticipate Soviet worries and concerns and prematurely view Soviet wounds before the Soviets have developed them and before they themselves have gotten worried about something," he said. He acknowledged that family links between the Germanys arouse concern in the Federal Republic about what would happen if détente collapsed, and engender an attitude of "extreme sensitivity to Soviet Union and East German reactions." But, he said, "it worries us only when it gets out of proportion."

Some Germans, however, think the United States gets "prematurely" irked when the West Germans do anything on their own. Karsten Voigt, a Social Democratic member of parliament, says that was what upset Brzezinski. "We were talking in a friendly way to the Russians at a time when the Americans were not talking to the Russians," he said. "That's new in the German-American relationship. We are now a partner. We are more dependent on the United States than they on us, but they have also to think about our interests."

"Brzezinski can take much more of a confrontation and conflict than we can," observes Detke. "There's no need for America to compromise with the Soviet Union, if it's domestically popular to be tough on the Russians." In contrast, the West Germans have to think about Berlin, border crossings, and the remaining ethnic Germans who want to migrate from Eastern Europe. Friendly relations with the Communists and avoidance of provocations are therefore crucial. The intermediate-range missiles could reduce German security by strengthening the hawks in the Soviet Union and replacing détente between West Germany and the East with cold-war animosities.

Some Social Democrats fear that the missiles would make a localized nuclear war more possible and could turn Europe into an atomic battlefield without an attack on American territory. They feel safer and say the alliance is stronger when the United States deploys the only missiles that can reach the Soviet Union.

In sum, America's insistence on deployment of the new missiles has forced the Social Democrats into a dilemma. With elections scheduled for this year, the Social Democrats also cannot afford a confrontation with their coalition partners, the Free Democrats, who favor the missiles, or allow the opposition to take advantage of a dispute with the Americans. Schmidt made approval of missile deployment a personal vote of confidence at the December party conference, but the resolution opposes deployment unless negotiations to limit the missiles are begun this year. Many Social Democrats fear that a new generation of nuclear arms could spell the end of their ten years of effort to reach a *modus vivendi* with the East. Says Roth, "If we accept the weapons without the possibility of negotiating for years, we can end all détente policy in Central Europe." □



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The Asbestos Pistol

FRED POWLEDGE

I took my daughter's bright yellow hair dryer apart carefully, laying all the parts out in order. There was a possibility I wouldn't find what I was looking for, and I might have to put it back together right away. The bright red one that my wife uses had been O.K. But when I got my first glimpse of the entrails of Polly's dryer, a Conair Pistol Power 1200, model 0991, I shuddered involuntarily, the way I have reacted upon seeing a rattlesnake in the woods. Inside the bright yellow plastic machine, the one I had bought my daughter less than a year ago, was a short, thin-walled cylinder of asbestos, a poison far more terrifying than rattlesnake venom.

Asbestos is the common name for a mineral group that is an efficient and almost indestructible thermal insulator. Its function in the hair dryer was to retain the heat created by the machine's heating element and protect the plastic housing. A small fan blew the warmed air out the end and into my daughter's hair. Asbestos is composed of tiny fibers. Some of them, so small they cannot be seen by the naked eye, can be inhaled or swallowed. Exactly what happens next is uncertain, but scientists believe they penetrate body tissues. And what can happen after that is cancer.

We have known about the cancer link for quite some time, and the Government has regulated the use of asbestos in industry for a decade. Workers regularly exposed to it are more likely than others to develop lung cancer, much more likely if they are smokers. There is also asbestosis, a lung disease that affects breathing and that gets progressively worse and is irreversible. There is mesothelioma, a cancer of the lining of the chest or abdominal cavity. And gastrointestinal cancer.

Almost nothing is known about how much exposure to asbestos it takes to cause any of these diseases. Fifteen to thirty-five or more years may pass between initial exposure and the onset of medical problems. Certainly enough has been learned about the disease in industry, however, to make any prudent person or business think twice before using the mineral, particularly if its use were not essential or if there were a nondeadly substitute. Surely no one would offer for sale a machine that propelled air across an asbestos surface into the face of a human being.

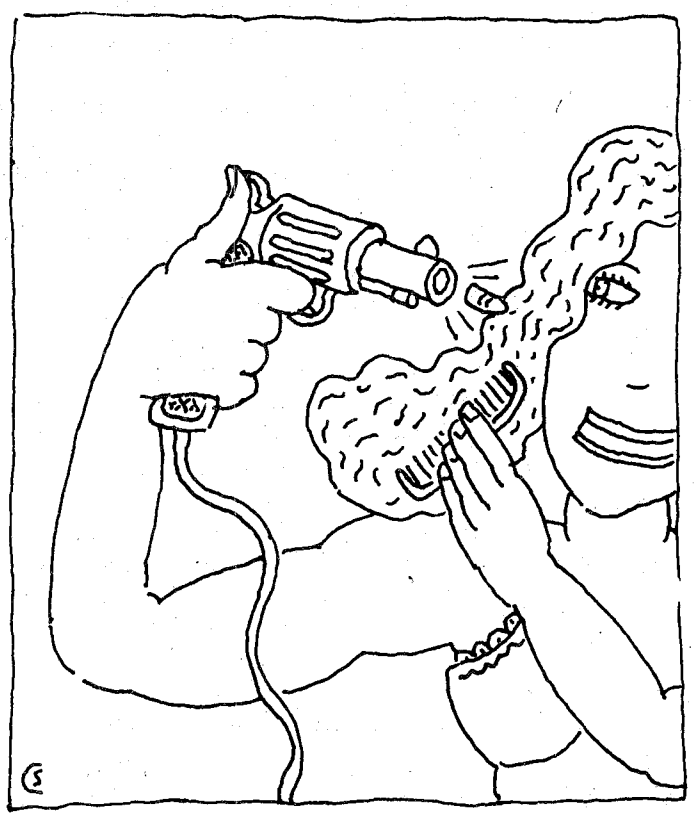
But Conair had done that, as had quite a few other manufacturers of hair dryers. And nobody had said anything about it until last March, when the NBC television affiliate in Washington reported that hair dryers it tested had spewed out asbestos particles. The Environmental Defense Fund, a private organization, then issued a list of dryers that, it said, contained asbestos. There was talk of a recall, and the Federal Consumer Product Safety Commission was said to be looking into the matter. So I assumed, as I imagine a lot of people did, that if there were any real problem I would hear about it. Time dragged on, and the newspaper stories got smaller and smaller. But the whine of hair dryers continued in my house, and I knew I could wait no longer for the Government or the great American free enterprise system to tell me what was happening. That was when I disassembled the two hair dryers, neither of which had been mentioned in the newspapers as containing asbestos, and discovered that little gray cylinder of death.

The feelings were helplessness—over wondering if some damage, possibly irreversible, had already been done, and that there was nothing I could do about it—and anger at the businessmen who designed, built, advertised and sold me that bright yellow Pistol Power 1200. And at the governmental agencies that had allowed it to be sold. I was pretty certain it would do no good, but I called the Conair company in New Jersey.

I could hear a boiler-room operation at the other end, with many people talking on telephones. Apparently a lot of other worried customers were calling in. A woman, as calm and efficient as a mortician's cosmetologist, got the model number from me and told me, "You will send it in and we will take the asbestos out and replace it with mica." Mica, she said, was "just as good" as asbestos. I would have to pay the postage one way; Conair would return the machine at its expense. I said it seemed to me Conair ought to pay all the postage, but the woman said she was only following orders.

I got my call switched over to the marketing department, where I was told all the top executives were away—in Washington, at a "conference" with the Consumer Product Safety Commission people—but the person I talked with said

Fred Powledge is a freelance writer who has published seven books. His latest book, Journeys Through the South, *was recently released by Vanguard Press.*



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that the company hadn't been concerned about asbestos "because it's used in such a minute quantity in the dryers." (It is microscopic fibers that are believed to cause cancer.) "I don't think they thought it was harmful in the quantities it was used in," said the marketing staffer. And: "The studies are not complete."

Then why, I asked, are you telling people to send in hair dryers with asbestos and have them replaced with mica insulators?

"Because it alleviates the public's concern," was the answer.

I called the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, near Chapel Hill, North Carolina, to ask for more specific information on asbestos. I knew it caused cancer, and I knew that governmental authorities were paying close attention to it in places outside industry—in the insulation in public school buildings, for example. The N.I.E.H.S. is one of the eleven National Institutes of Health run by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Its director has described the institute's mission as "improving understanding of the mechanisms of *all* human diseases and disorders with environmental origins."

I was put in touch with an institute official who did not improve my understanding at all, but chose rather to play the word games that proliferate in certain status-obsessed professions. It was all a matter, he said, of whether you were a threshold person or a nonthreshold person. (This controversy is quite the rage in the environmental sciences these days—whether you believe that *any* quantity of a harmful substance provides adequate reason to take regulatory steps, or whether you think there is a certain threshold below which the body can handle the poisons.) And, even if those questions could be resolved, he said, "What would be the dimensionality of a particle?" I had hoped that we were paying folks like him to answer such questions.

The research that set all this off, the Ph.D. continued, the research done by the Washington television station and the Environmental Defense Fund, was not of the highest quality. "You wouldn't *believe* what a small data base they had," he said. He sounded almost proud. I told him I thought it was a pretty goddamned sorry comment on the Federal Government, on H.E.W. and on the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences that a commercial TV station and a private environmental group had to be the ones to reveal to the American public that millions of hair dryers are quite likely pushing a known carcinogenic agent into the lungs and stomachs of people who want to dry their hair.

And then I hung up the telephone, feeling even more helpless and angry. Where was the protection for which I pay the Secretary of H.E.W. and that smartass Ph.D. down in North Carolina? Where is the explanation for this travesty? How could someone load a poison into a household machine that people use to blow air into their faces? Even worse, how could they do that when there was an adequate, nontoxic alternative? How could our highly sophisticated, technologically erudite, very expensive system of Government allow this to happen? And where will it happen next? And which member of my family will be in danger? And who will inform us about it?

There has been one small improvement. I read in the paper that Conair will now pay *all* the postage, "if the customer requests it." □

'Productivity'

(Continued From Front Cover)

about the lower productivity of U.S. workers serve to divert attention from the facts. Hourly pay between 1970 and 1977 rose far more slowly in the United States than in any other industrialized nation. Moreover, productivity in manufacturing has continued to increase at its historical rate in the United States. It is the dramatic decreases in productivity in the mining, construction and utilities industries that account for more than half of the decline in the productivity growth rate in the nonfarm sector. The OPEC price increase was an important factor in the decline in productivity in utilities. Higher cost led to a cutback in the demand for energy and the result was excess capacity, which translates into lower productivity in the statistics. Pollution controls also contributed to lower productivity gains for utilities. Cleaner air is not measured in the gross national product, so there is a zero rate of return on the money spent by corporations to install pollution-control devices (utilities allocated 23 percent of their total private business spending to pollution control over the 1967-77 decade). But more important, because Europeans have succeeded in conserving energy while the wasteful American practices have become frightfully expensive, the United States looks less productive.

Changes in the age-sex composition of the labor force, it has been suggested, also cause a drop in productivity. So they do, but, according to Brookings economist Edward Denison, the greater number of female and younger workers in the work force accounts for only a 0.1 percent change between the higher productivity period between 1948 and 1969 and the more recent low productivity period from 1973 through 1976. The presence of more of these generally less-skilled workers in the labor force lowers productivity gains only slightly, and the education and training these workers acquire actually offset the losses over the long run.

Another frequently cited culprit, the shift from a manufacturing to a preponderantly service economy, has actually lowered productivity by a mere 0.1 percent, according to Denison. Contrary to popular belief, productivity has risen rapidly in many of the service industries.

The real bone of contention in the productivity debate is, of course, none of the above. It is the issue of increased occupational health and safety regulations. They, it is charged, are wasteful and unproductive—the true villains in the de-

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clining productivity of the U.S. economy. This has become an important 1980 campaign theme for President Carter, who has proclaimed: "It is time that we take control of Federal legislation in America instead of regulation controlling us." The President is 90 percent wrong. There are instances of silly, counterproductive regulations, but on the whole the fault lies in the opposite direction: regulation is outrageously inadequate.

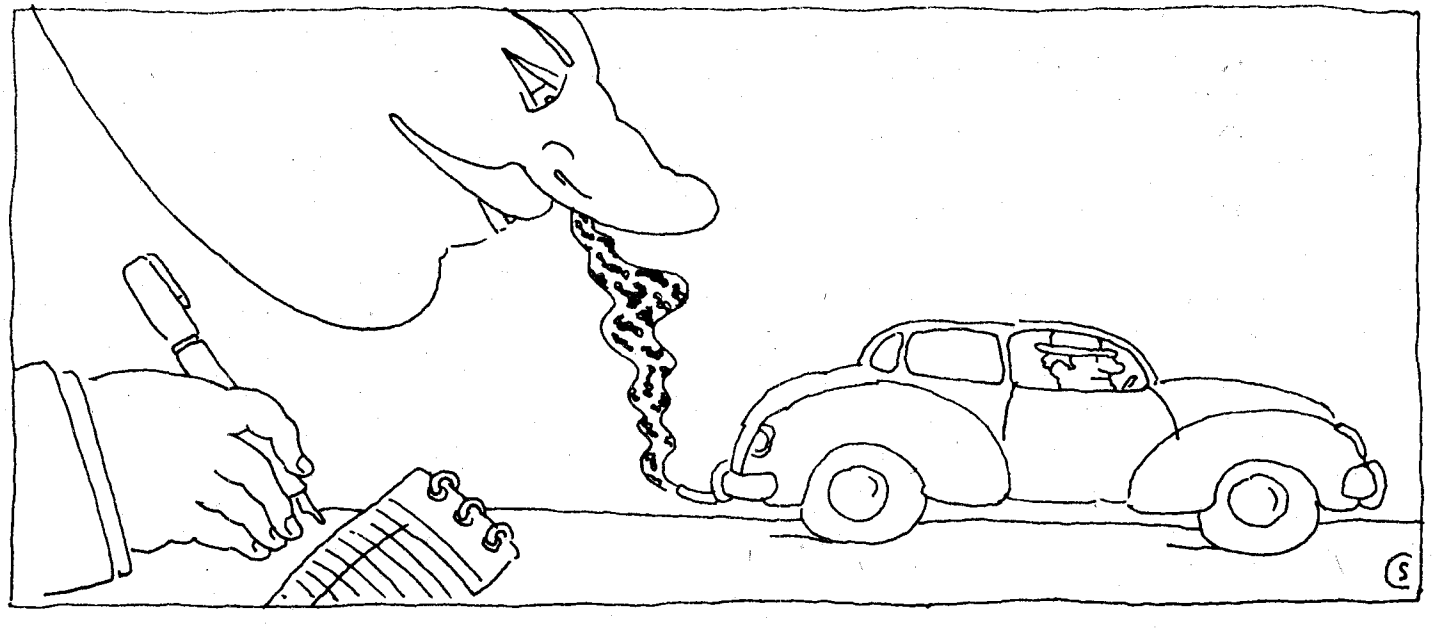
Nonetheless, in an influential article in *Fortune*, December 4, 1978, Edward Meadows wrote that the auto industry is "positively throttled" with regulations that divert money and manpower from production. General Motors, Meadows reported, employs 24,000 people whose job is just to report to various regulators. The poor company "is having to spend billions each year" just on conversion to smaller-car production (known as "downsizing"). With so much R.&D. money being diverted into complying with regulations, it is no wonder that the auto makers are in trouble.

Yet it could as easily be argued that the auto companies were lucky that the Government did force them to build smaller cars, since the public is now demanding them. U.S. car makers would be in even more trouble had it not been for regulations. From society's viewpoint, downsizing is certainly not "nonproductive," given the crucial importance of saving energy and materials used in building cars.

Similarly, Meadows wrote, a major polluter, the chemical industry, complains that it is being forced to spend nearly one-quarter of its total capital investment on pollution-abatement and other "unproductive" equipment because "chemophobia" has led to the Toxic Substances Control Act, which requires these companies actually to reduce their effluents before unleashing them on the rest of us. And the poor steel industry! "New rules about noise levels, coke-oven emissions, and possible carcinogens in the workplace will be a continuing drain," Meadows charged.

What has happened in the 1970s as a result of occupational health and safety and environmental legislation is a potentially profound redistribution of property rights. In the past, workers, consumers and citizens were made to bear part of the cost of production. For example, cotton products were manufactured, and brown-lung disease brought premature death to the mill workers. Steel mills used area residents' lungs instead of filters. And so in the 1970s a decision was made that certain costs of production, which in the past had been borne unwillingly by others, should be legally declared to be costs industry itself must bear. The measure of how well the new social legislation is working is the degree to which it successfully forces corporations to absorb costs that were in the past randomly dispersed throughout the society; this may result in higher prices or slower growth, but only because the old prices didn't cover these human costs and because economists don't know how to measure economic welfare. Productivity in coal mining, for example, has fallen by 50 percent (even more in copper mining) since the passage in 1969 of comprehensive mine-safety regulations. There are, in addition, regulations to reduce mine-acid pollution of streams by the operators, and requirements for land reclamation (in coal communities this is not merely a matter of esthetics; hillsides that have been mined out and not replanted are prone to landslides, which spill into the valleys where miners and their families often live). Yet the fact that underground deaths in coal mines have been cut in half is not regarded as being as important as the loss of productivity (and U.S. mines are still the most unsafe of the advanced nations). Even the present inadequate environmental regulations are being further watered down because of the Carter Administration's drive for higher energy production.

Meanwhile, Big Business, with the help of favoring decisions by the Burger Court, has forced the Occupational Safety and Health Administration investigators to conduct their inspections of polluters as though they were entering a private home. Business cries about civil liberties and hides behind the Fourth Amendment. The Court strikes down efforts to limit spending by corporations in referendum campaigns as a violation of the First Amendment. The individual rights of ordinary citizens to clean air and product safety, equal debate and unbought elections give way to corporate



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Dr. Linus Pauling, twice a Nobel Prize winner, heads the Linus Pauling Institute of Science and Medicine in Menlo Park, California. He holds 33 honorary doctorates, has been awarded both the Presidential Medal for Merit and the National Medal of Science, and is the recipient of the Phillips Medal for Contributions to Internal Medicine, awarded by the American College of Physicians, as well as other medical awards.

Dr. Ewan Cameron holds numerous medical degrees, including the F.R.C.S. from the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh and in Glasgow. For many years he has been in charge of the 100-bed surgical unit in the Vale of Leven Hospital, Loch Lomondside, Scotland, and he is a senior member of the research staff of the Linus Pauling Institute.

YOU & CANCER.

A Nobel Prize winner and a Scottish surgeon have some remarkable news about treating cancer, and about avoiding the disease altogether. It could save your life.

The two men pictured above have an almost unbelievable message of hope for many people who are suffering, and suffering greatly, from the ravages of cancer.

Their work has shown that many persons suffering from cancer can be treated in such a way that the growth of their cancers can be halted and sometimes reversed, and sometimes the cancer can be made to disappear.

Their weapon: a body of experience and research knowledge about the extraordinary therapeutic power inherent in the proper usage of a low cost, widely available substance—Vitamin C.

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Their new book, *Cancer and Vitamin C*, contains more than 50 case histories of cancer patients who have derived benefit from Vitamin C. These detailed accounts cover breast cancers and cancers of the lung, pancreas, prostate, colon, kidney, stomach, and other parts of the body. In each case the use of Vitamin C is carefully detailed as to amount, length of time used, whether it was used alone or in combination with other forms of therapy, and the results of the treatment.

Cancer and Vitamin C is a comprehensive book about cancer written in plain language for a lay audience. It describes cancer in nearly all its different forms. It weighs the value and limitations of surgery, radiation, chemotherapy, hormones, immunotherapy, and a number of unorthodox therapies, including Laetrile. And it emphasizes the value of supplemental Vitamin C as a supportive measure in all cancer treatment, providing helpful details on dosage and methods of administration.

LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS

Cancer and Vitamin C was written in response to demand. Dr. Cameron and Dr. Pauling had written extensively about the clinical trials of Vitamin C for patients with advanced cancer, patients considered to be untreatable by conventional methods. As a result, they received many letters and telephone calls from cancer patients, their friends and family members, and their physicians, asking for information and advice.

For some years they tried to answer all these requests individually. However, the number became so great that another way to help was required. Their new book, *Cancer and Vitamin C*, is the result.

ABOUT SAVING LIVES

Every day, 1,100 Americans die of cancer. If it were possible to decrease this number by even one-tenth, this would save the lives of 40,000 people every year in this country alone. Dr. Cameron and Dr. Pauling firmly believe that the correct use of Vitamin C as a supplement to conventional methods of treating cancer has a much greater potential even than that for saving lives.

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Cancer and Vitamin C is being distributed through most bookstores. If you prefer, you may use the coupon below, or call, toll-free, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 800-523-7410 (in Pennsylvania, call 800-662-5180) and ask for Operator 60.

Royalties from the book are being contributed by the two authors to the Linus Pauling Institute of Science and Medicine, for additional research.

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"rights" derived from the hoary legal fiction that corporations are persons.

The economics and accounting professions have rendered similar assistance to the corporations by turning out "scientific" cost-benefit studies purporting to prove that environmental standards proposed by the Environmental Protection Agency are too expensive. Last winter, for example, clean-water standards were rejected by the Council on Wage and Price Stability as too costly ($600 million to $800 million, or $4 per American, would be required to clean this country's water, which in many areas is now laced with suspected carcinogens). Harvey Kapnick, chairman of Arthur Anderson, a major accounting firm that recently did a study of government regulation for the Business Roundtable, concluded that the costs of complying with regulations were the equivalent of an increase in the corporate tax rate from 48 percent to 55 percent. Given the ability of members of the Business Roundtable to pay the lowest corporate tax rates that expensive legal talent can arrange, we may take the rest of the accounting firm's conclusions with a grain of salt. The report, though, is part of a concerted effort on the part of the corporate sector to portray regulations as the villain in an economy where slow growth and high unemployment are accompanied by embarrassingly high profit rates.

The issue of productivity will continue to be used to beat down consumer groups and trade unions. When public-interest groups campaign for more adequate environmental protection, they are told it will raise prices and lose jobs. When workers demand safer working conditions, wage increases to meet the higher cost of living, and job security, they are told that corporate needs require less unproductive investment on safety, and that more capital-intensive, labor-displacing technologies are necessary to raise American productivity and keep "us" productive. The economists' measure of productivity is hardly a neutral tool. It fails to take account of nonmarket outputs and the costs of growth that lower the quality of life, and it falsely equates increases in output with improvement in the standard of living.

The overriding economic problem today, more than at any time in world history, is that the pattern of accumulation has itself become antisocial. Efforts at social control to redirect resources founder because of the mobility of capital and the intensification of competition among local governments for new businesses and among workers for jobs. The almost unchallenged corporate dominance is evident both in the way the productivity debate is being carried on and in the success Carter has had in controlling wages and allowing profit rates to increase dramatically. (See Bertram M. Gross, "The Secret Success of Jimmy Carter," *The Nation*, June 2, 1979.) Business's response is to complain that profits are really too low, and "inadequate to pay for replacement and expansion of industrial facilities," as Securities and Exchange Commission chairman Harold Williams recently told the Washington Press Club. What with the effects of inflation on industrial inventories and on depreciation allowance balance, corporations are really hurting, he said. In a capitalist economy, business interests can further argue that fatter profit incentives will create more jobs and a higher standard of living.

Liberals have two stock replies to such arguments, neither of which is terribly convincing in today's economy. First, they contend that redistribution is necessary to provide for the losers in the competitive struggle and to preserve social harmony. Second, Keynesian theory holds that lower wages and higher profits would lead to excess capacity and crises of underconsumption. Stimulating demand was the Keynesian solution to the alleged tendency to underconsumption.

But the problem today is that with declining real incomes, working people want lower taxes rather than redistribution through welfare and other social services which, they correctly perceive, they would pay for. As far as Keynesianism is concerned, it has been undermined by the increased power of transnational capital. The development of the world market has meant that stimulation of the domestic economy does not necessarily bring growth domestically but rather can stimulate capital flight, balance of payment problems and domestic inflation. The growth of monopoly power has freed price determination from the full impact of market forces. Mark-up pricing and corporate planning that assumes ever-more generous profit margins create strong inflationary pressures even in the face of excess capacity and unemployment. The old competitive system ain't what they say it used to be.

Yet deregulation and lower social spending remain the sovereign economic remedies prescribed by the candidates in the 1980 election. Not only in the United States but across the Atlantic in Thatcherland, to our north in Canada and in much of Europe, conservative governments are reducing social spending and encouraging lower wage settlements. Each country wants to prosper by reducing living standards more than its competitors. All certainly cannot win this game. In Europe a more class-conscious trade union movement has protected standards of living better than the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has done here. Moreover, in Europe, state involvement to foster economic growth and direct investment has, for the most part, been accepted as a basic reality. The one advantage the United States does have is an area of huge potential savings: military spending. But even as Carter cuts social spending and rails against regulation, he calls for increasing the military budget by 5 percent *over* inflation. The essentially unproductive nature of armaments (one cannot eat them, wear them or use them very effectively as shelter, yet they consume vast resources and provide only minimal spinoffs for civilian use) has enormous consequences. As Seymour Melman reminds us, a third of U.S. gross fixed capital formation is spent on the military, compared with 2 percent in Japan. Instead of acting as a vent for surplus investment capacity, military expenditures undermine the U.S. ability to stay technologically competitive.

In the present-day world of intense international rivalries and overcapacity, growth requires huge investment. Yet, to corporate managers, this investment seems unwise in the face of slow growth prospects and underutilization of existing

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capacity. More and more investment therefore takes a speculative form—real estate, gold, conglomerate mergers.

Economic changes of a profound sort are creating a political crisis for progressive forces in the United States, which are disillusioned by Carter and mainstream Democrats, and faced with the alternative of even more conservative Republicans. Yet the victims of the current economic policies form an overwhelming voting majority in this country. According to a recent *New York Times*/CBS poll, President Carter has a public approval rating of 18 percent for his handling of the economy. While some of the other 82 percent represent business community dissatisfaction, there is clearly a constituency for a left opposition that speaks to the needs of working-class America and exposes the built-in class bias of policies that keep wages down and saddle workers and consumer advocates with the blame for the drop in productivity. This opposition must place the responsibility for lack of economic growth where it belongs—on the system of organized greed that has drawn the boundaries of our current bleak prospects. □

SYMPOSIUM.

A Peace Israel Can Live With (Cont.)

URIEL SIMON

Since my political thinking is derived from and shaped by my religio-ethical perspective, I cannot formulate my answer to your questions in anything other than religio-ethical terms. I firmly believe that Israel is not entitled to deny the right of self-determination to the residents of Judea, Samaria and the Gaza Strip who regard themselves as part of the Palestinian-Arab people. The indisputable fact that the Arabs already have twenty independent states and that the neighboring Kingdom of Jordan contains a Palestinian majority (whose role in the regime will undoubtedly grow in the near future) cannot justify denying the national rights of the one million residents of the territories captured by Israel in 1967. The state of Israel cannot absorb such a large minority without oppressing it. Repression, which by nature must grow with time, would destroy Israel's character as a democratic state based on equality and justice. To avoid such a corruptive process, we must be prepared to partition the territory we call the "Promised Land" (promised to the Jewish people, according to our belief). In complete awareness of the real danger posed by moral corruption, we must forgo the full realization of our religious right to the land. This is a painful concession of quantity for quality, of the size of the state for the advancement of the people.

The Palestinian Arabs' right to self-determination need be restricted only insofar as it might endanger the state of Israel and threaten its security. It is inconceivable that we should grant political and territorial concessions that endanger Israel to a national movement that completely denies the right of the state's existence, that has expressed its unqualified opposition to any settlement or compromise through a series of bloody wars and whose declared aim remains the creation of a Palestinian state upon the grave of the state of Israel.

In this regard, we should remember that the four rejectionist states—Syria, Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia (whose combined military might is more than one and one-half times that of Israel)—are likely to support the buildup of a Palestinian state into a launching pad for a massive attack on Israel (whose "neck," after all, is only ten miles wide). I believe that a Palestinian entity created in the occupied territories must be demilitarized of all offensive weaponry (air force, armored corps, artillery) and that an Israeli military presence is necessary to insure this condition. Our bitter experience with the United Nations' supervision gives us good reason not to hand the keys to our gates over to that body. It is impossible to determine in advance the duration of this demilitarization and supervision; it will be gradually reduced as mutual trust grows between the two peoples who are destined to live alongside each other in the Holy Land.

The creation of this mutual trust is in the true interest of both peoples. Israel's contribution must be to refrain from any act that would raise suspicion of annexationist designs —settlements, intervention in civil life and government and the like. The parallel Palestinian contribution must be expressed in a series of actions displaying genuine acceptance of partition of the country—abrogation of the Palestinian National Charter, complete abandonment of terrorist activities, recognition of Israel, and the signing of a peace treaty.

The question of borders could be a stumbling block to such a solution. In light of the repeated Arab attacks on Israel, there is need for border adjustments designed to enhance Israel's security and decrease the temptation to renew the attack. This matter will be the subject of negotiations when advance agreement has been reached that Jerusalem, the capital of Israel, is not to be divided again. It is not just that both sides should return to their starting points after a war the aggressor has lost.

The difficulty in implementing this compromise solution is that both sides will have to make painful compromises. Israel will have to assume a heavy security risk and renounce its right to settle in its entirety the land that we have called since biblical times the Land of Israel. And the Palestinians will have to give up their claims to all the land, and be content with incomplete independence for an interim period, which will not be short. Such a compromise will require a good deal of political heroism from both sides and will not take place without the courage to build a real peace based on mutual respect and fundamental justice. □

Uriel Simon is a professor of Bible at Bar-Ilan University in Ramat Gan and the leader of "Oz V'Shalom" (Courage and Peace). This article was translated by Arthur H. Samuelson.

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(Continued From Page 2)

New York City

David Horowitz's article reminded me that before I first visited the Soviet Union in 1933 I had read many articles and books by ex-left-wingers like Horowitz who decried the failure of the Russian Revolution to bring about utopia. Though I saw with my own eyes that in fact no Garden of Eden had sprouted from Moscow's ancient cobblestones, I was more impressed with something else I observed. There was no unemployment. To me, then a 20-year-old black activist on the "hunger marches" in our Depression-stricken America, the elimination of unemployment by the sixteen-year-old Soviet system was an extraordinary achievement.

Recently I read in *Soviet Literature*, the monthly magazine of the Writers Union of the U.S.S.R., about a new documentary film that has been made about a Moscow worker, Mikhail Shkunov, who almost fifty years ago was registered as the last unemployed worker in that country. . . .

As for me, a home-grown and unrepentant American radical, I am quite ready to say that when the last unemployed worker in our country gets a steady job, I'm going to lay down my sword and shield and study Marx no more. *Lloyd L. Brown*

Los Angeles

At last a Daniel has come to interpret the dreams which have imprisoned so many for so long. I congratulate *The Nation* for publishing David Horowitz. His well-thought-out farewell to the Old and New Left (circa 1930-79) is filled with relief as well as grief. There are two generations of silent ex-radicals who still warm themselves on hope, as if someday soon the Messiah will come to revive their lost youth. They are like the children who cried out, "Say it ain't so, Joe" when their beloved White Soxer betrayed baseball. It's so. And David Horowitz has confirmed the scandal.

Michael Blankfort

HOROWITZ REPLIES

Oakland, Calif.

First, a general observation. The title of my article as I wrote it was "Left Illusions," not "A Radical's Disenchantment," as it appeared in *The Nation*. This title was given to it without my knowledge by *The Nation* and seems to have created some false impressions. Thus, I do not repudiate nor regret thirty years in the radical movement. I am still opposed to imperial intervention and racial and social oppression, but I no longer assume that a truly radical alternative to the way human beings have lived for 5,000 years is possible. I remain to be convinced, moreover, that the left is capable of exchanging its essentially religious longing for a socialist millennium for a more rational commitment to social change. In particular, I see no evidence that the left is ready to consider the crucial question of whether its proposed solution to social ills is really viable. The only letter that even deals with this question (Edward Herman's) dismisses it out of hand.

Second, owing to the compression imposed by space, I resorted to a shorthand description of the "left" which, if read too literally, slights some radicals and misrepresents others. Noam Chomsky comes from a tradition of radicalism which is neither Trotskyist nor Stalinist and offers its own systemic analysis of Bolshevism as a form of bureaucratic state socialism. My point in the article was that in the political context determined by U.S.-Soviet rivalry and the predominance of Marxism in the international left, Chomsky's stance of avoiding scrutiny of Marxist regimes and policies tends to create misleading impressions, which undermine his case.

Now to specifics. Michael Klare should reread his article, in which he wrote: "By intervention capabilities, I [*sic*] mean those military forces created by a country for the purpose of invading and occupying other countries. . . ." In fact, Klare's definition of intervention was tailored by him to conform to the Pentagon's notion of "projection forces." Not surprisingly, the Pentagon, which has created such forces, appears in his article as an interventionary agency, while the Kremlin, whose interventions at the present stage are mainly contiguous to its borders (as in Afghanistan) does not. Throughout the article, Klare presents Soviet policy uncritically, as for example when he discusses the Soviet divisions deployed in Eastern Europe as part of a "Motherland Strategy" perceived by Soviet leaders to guard the very approaches to Moscow. Is that what the occupation of Czechoslovakia is about? My point is that this kind of analysis hardly promotes the credibility of the left's admirable and much-needed critique of the Pentagon's budget. In response, Klare chooses to misrepresent my position, which remains that of a dissenter, and to associate me by implication with what he calls "alarmism" (presumably of the Senator Henry Jackson variety) and "the chorus of hysterical anti-Sovietism" which opposes SALT II. In short, criticism of Klare becomes support for anti-Soviet warmongering. Shades of the Old Left!

In conclusion, Klare mounts the soapbox for a spirited defense of the radical movement, as though it were being attacked for every action it has undertaken. In the course of this eulogy, he makes a painless genuflection to radical fallibility—"of course we made mistakes and harbored illusions"—while avoiding any mention of particular illusions, e.g., those I sought to discuss.

Edward Herman says I beg the question of whether the mass media in the United States select and suppress information on a scale sufficient to establish major falsehoods just like *Pravda*. I do not beg this question. I categorically deny it. There may be particular cases from which a parallel might be drawn. But the general picture presents such an extreme contrast that the comparison is ludicrous and misleading. This is an example of how the left discredits itself. In a similar vein, Herman compares my call for consistency and candor in the left (viz., subjecting *Pravda* and *The New York Times* to similar standards of critical judgment) with the suppression of dissent in the Soviet Union. Really.

Herman dismisses my view that the internal weakness of the left's social vision is in large part responsible for its own impotence. Instead, he attributes the left's lack of popular support to "satisfactory economic performance" and brainwashing. It was my impression that people were doing better economically during the radical 1960s. Perhaps the brainwashing has been stepped up.

The truth is that Herman and radicals like him manifest a supreme arrogance toward nonradicals of all classes, races and persuasions. They think that other people don't notice the double standards that dominate radical attitudes, the moral duplicity, the capacity for self-deception and the intellectual double-dealing that goes on in the name of abstractions like the Revolution and the People, which can be invoked on a conveniently selective basis. They think that other people don't know to be suspicious of saviors who woo them as the salt of the earth, discounting them as brainwashed at the same time. My guess is that they do. *David Horowitz*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Bare Ruined Choirs

CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

THE VIEW IN WINTER: Reflections on Old Age. *By Ronald Blythe. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 270 pp. $12.95.*

Mrs. Robins is Matron of a county home for old people in England. Ronald Blythe gets her talking. She tells him how "visitors are always saying, 'Oh, you do wonderful work!'—as if we were in contact with lepers." When this book came out I didn't really want to read it, though I had admired Blythe's *Akenfield*, and trusted him to do for the country of the old what he had done for his Sussex village. A whole book of talk about old age. Of feeling that mandated sympathy, that dutiful indignation, that overwhelming sense of "ought" rising from the page before me to evoke the letters that ought to be written, the visits that ought to be paid—the page that ought, naturally, to be read. Lepers. "Many still sexually attractive men and women in their fifties, and at the height of their careers and intellectual interests, have to disguise their loathing of old people." The young and the old are more comfortable with one another; young people work cheerfully in nursing homes, and it is one of Blythe's imaginative ideas to talk with children about how they see their grandparents. But the middle-aged draw back from the old, spiritually and physically, "as if they possessed some centrifugal force to drag the no-longer young into their slipstream decay." Old age may be contagious; there is more of it around than ever before. The life you see may be your own. I went on reading *The View in Winter*, since it had told me the truth. It was not so much that I ought to as that I had to.

Like *Akenfield*, this is a book which makes us feel the richness of the ordinary. Blythe is even better at getting people talking than Robert Coles is. His connecting essays provide a context of time and place, reflection and comment, give us a statistic when we need it or quote a poem we're not likely to have run across. But he knows where the richness lies and lets people speak for themselves; they respond not to his preoccupations but their own. Youngish himself and up-to-date, he has a good deal to say about sexuality in old age; they say almost nothing. Here are thirty-six people between 70 and 92, anticipating but not yet caught in what Blythe calls "the Tithonus situation," after Tennyson's once famous poem about the youth who asked the Dawn for immortality. Loving him, she gave it, but forgot to add eternal youth, so that he grew older and older but could not die. "I told my doctor—he's become such a friend—'Doctor, don't let me become a cabbage.' " Blythe did not interview the cabbages, so even the middle-aged can bear to read his book.

Most of his old people, in fact, are quite cheerful. "We are advancing all the time, let's face it, we are advancing," says a Welsh miner's wife, who has lived into a world where the young have for pocket money what used to pass for a week's wages to feed a family. "Our poverty was dreadful and extreme, and nobody believed that it would ever go away," says an 84-year-old, remembering his farm boyhood. "Now and then it rose up and struck at me personally, and there was absolutely nothing that I could do about it. . . . One suffered at that age . . . the pain stays clear over seventy or more years." "Those were happy, awful days, awful, awful, happy days!" says the miner Owen. "People worked to survive. Just survive. It amazes the young just to hear it." At 82, a miner's mother finds life sweet—"so very sweet, isn't it?" She prays for more time to enjoy the papered walls, the television, the plumbing, the casual abundance. For as Blythe tells us, "the worst conditions to be found in the Valley now would have been considered luxurious conditions when they [the old inhabitants] were twenty-one."

To the poor, even a nervous breakdown seems better now than then—"you didn't have the tablets, you see." And although the middle class, in general, takes a more jaundiced view of the times, 78-year-old Walter isn't having any: "The most tedious thing in my life now is being expected to denigrate the young." He thinks they have "better manners than those which I saw as a child, because their manners aren't just class manners. . . . Our manners were class manners. I was brought up in the country near Cambridge in a world of such ghastly awful snobbery as you couldn't imagine today. Everybody from high to low knew how it worked, and everybody contributed to it and kept it on the go for all they were worth."

Yet of course there is loss as well as gain. The streets seem empty now—it's all cars. People don't walk by, and that's hard on the old who used to look out the window, and must now look at the screen. But there's surprisingly little inveighing against social conditions, and none, apparently, of the fear that imprisons the aged in American cities. What's hard to put up with is being *old*, in these conditions or any others. A neurologist speaks: "There comes a moment in research work when you simply can't do it, no matter how brilliantly you did it once. You have to tell yourself, No, you cannot do this work because you are old. You must not deceive yourself in these matters." His voice could be King Lear's: "Old age for me has been the recognition of what was left when all that I was was taken away from me." Yet he stays curious and alert, frustrated "to know my death will come before all kinds of interesting ideas now being formulated will be carried out." He is 79. But Lady Thelma, at 90, has to prod herself into action. "Up, up! Go out and get the tomatoes. Do something *today* about Patsy [her dog] so that she'll be all right when you've gone. Don't say when you've *gone*, say when you're *dead*. *Dead*—say it!" The tiredness is like a weight, "too important a tiredness simply to sleep through. . . . It keeps me wide awake so that I can feel every bit of it. I lie on the sofa—or even get the tea—in this huge, huge tiredness. It's not exactly unpleasant, but it's becoming rather a nuisance."

The book is very English, and very male. Although in England as here old women greatly outnumber old men, Blythe finds more than twice as many

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males to talk to. Of the eleven women, four speak with their husbands. Four more are identified only through their men: The Miner's Mother, The Miner's Widow, The Repairman's, The Clergyman's. Lady Thelma, a district nurse, a female Don, and a vibrant Montessori teacher who knew Maria Montessori herself, make it in on their own. The marvelous variety is almost all masculine. Two engineers. A farrier. A chauffeur-mechanic, born with the century, who "drove the first cars, mended the first wirelesses and bikes. . . . And you'd hardly call me old—your seventies aren't *old*." A farmer. Those, every year fewer, who remember what Blythe calls "the beloved holocaust" of 1914-18. "The war went on and on. On and on. I feel its drag still. Strange to say, I was often very, very happy. . . . The comradeship . . . was made all the more intense because of the fact that so much of it was brief." Two are still in pain from their wounds sixty years after. Nobody forgets going over the top for the first time: "Everybody has written about it and nobody can describe it. Not really. The legs and the arms of the dead stretched out, the ripped bellies of the horses steaming and stinking. And the dead faces of mates looking up at you out of the filth. Filth. Men made into filth before your very eyes." The neurologist remembers too, and finds the world "a more peaceful place than when I was young, which might sound strange. But we were preoccupied with romantic militarism. Armies, armies, we talked with shining eyes."

The book ends with a group of old Christians. A fine old Salvation Army colonel illuminates an idealism we thought vanished with Major Barbara: "I suppose I am part of the old Salvation Army. . . . There is a different type now—men and women who have never seen the workhouses and the poverty wages and the old people of forty-five. They read about them, of course, and their grandmothers tell them about them. But to see them when they were just *normal*—that was quite another matter. We older Salvationists grew out of it and voluntarily marched back into it, for Jesus' sake." There are four Cowley Fathers (Anglican monks), a Spiritual Healer and The Clergyman's Wife (but couldn't we have had one nun?). Old age is kindest to the old religious; living in community, he dies there too. Yet "death ends our usefulness," and even before death one empties out. Father Luke "give[s] him what I have to give. . . . Sometimes it's nothing. You spend a whole hour in prayer and at the end there is nothing at all. . . . So you learn how to use nothingness. . . . Then I have to make it something by acknowledging its nothingness. My nothing."

Too many quotations mark the lazy reviewer. Yet the book lets the old speak and so should the review—unless the reviewer too is old. Blythe's small connecting essays are sensitive, informative, relevant, necessary, but always subordinate to the words they grow out of, which are not his. Often one comes from a review to the book itself and finds the reviewer has already quoted all that was worth reading. That's not true here.

> It is not my nature to be miserable. I enjoy life and I enjoyed that life. . . . We had five of ours working in the colliery. I had to change the water for each one, see. Had to wash all their backs. They didn't wash a lot of backs then, because they thought it was weakening. Some would never have their backs washed. My husband had a skin like a beautiful woman's. A beautiful skin—lovely. And beautiful hair. The pit didn't hurt his skin but it gave him emphysema. . . . We heard the men going to work early in the mornings with their hobnail boots on. Then, singing on top of the hills. Now they're going by bus. . . . Not then. You could hear laughter in the streets and on the hills as they walked. All the walking. And the laughter in the streets because the beer was stronger then. Now you don't hear a sound. . . . Does it seem a long time ago since I was a girl? What shall I say about that?

What indeed? With a delicate tact, Blythe's interviews don't conclude, they just stop. The book stops in the same way, though it would have been easy to round it off with commentary, or select from some old voice a terminal cadence. But the old go on talking. It is Blythe's humble and respectful art not to force them to a conclusion before they are ready. □

THESE HANDS

Once they could hold (though they dropped
things) anything. Once they would beat,
they would beat like a heart: for them
and for us the world would come true.
Now it falls—they reach, and it falls.

Take away whatever there was. Take
it away. No more value at all
except to be missing: the missing
are meant to be gone. Rely
on these hands that know how to let go—

These hands are waving goodby.

William Stafford

Keeping The Faith

BENITA EISLER

WITH HEAD AND HEART: The Story of Howard Thurman. *By Howard Thurman. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 269 pp. $10.*

THE NARRATIVE OF HOSEA HUDSON: His Life as a Negro Communist in the South. *By Nell Irvin Painter. Harvard University Press. 384 pp. $17.50.*

Early in the century, when Howard Thurman, son of a widowed laundress, completed seventh grade in Daytona Beach, Florida, it was the last year of schooling available locally to black children. Armed with dollar contributions from neighbors and relatives, the studious youth was about to board the train taking him to a Baptist high school in Jacksonville when an unforeseen crisis loomed: his rope-tied trunk would have to be shipped express, costing an extra dollar that the young traveler did

Benita Eisler is working on a book about self-education in America, Bettering Ourselves, *to be published by Harper & Row.*

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not have. Sobbing on the steps of the railway station, the boy looked up to see "a large pair of work shoes. My eyes crawled upwards until I saw a man's face. He was a black man, dressed in overalls and a denim cap." Learning the cause of the youngster's grief, his new friend told him: " 'If you're trying to get out of this damn town to get an education, the least I can do is help you. . . .' Then he took his rawhide money bag and counted the money out."

Howard Thurman's autobiography, *With Head and Heart*, is dedicated to "the stranger . . . who restored my broken dream, sixty-five years ago." In the context of his life, however, the word "stranger" takes on uneasy meaning. For that memorable transaction seems to have been Thurman's last encounter with a poor black who was not, like the author, on his way up.

Now an eminent divine who, his publishers tell us, is "after Martin Luther King, perhaps the best-known black preacher in our time," Thurman learned early that white philanthropy was the key to success. Luckily, the resort town of Daytona Beach had a wealth of millionaires from which to choose. So young Thurman selected the mansion he most admired and wrote to its owner in Ohio of his present poverty and future ambitions. The recipient of his pleading note turned out to be James Gamble, of soap-flake fame, and from then on, Thurman was on the fast track to Morehouse, the ministry and the middle class.

The young preacher's first major assignment was as Dean of the Chapel at Howard University. These were the Depression years and black Washington, just outside Howard's gates, would have been especially vulnerable to its privations. Thurman's ministry, however, seems to have been solely directed toward providing his students with a model of gracious living and with introducing "innovative forms of worship to Sunday vesper services." As impresario of a spectacle consisting of a "staged presentation of 'Living Madonnas' posed to replicate great paintings," Thurman agonized over which masterpieces to use, galvanized the music faculty for a full-choir "Ave Maria," and ordered to be built a "large picture frame, nine by nine, stretched with theatrical gauze and placed in the center of the chapel platform." The chaplain also got to choose the "live Madonnas," a chore requiring several visits to the women's dormitories where, as he coyly confesses, "my popularity increased by leaps and bounds just before selection time."

In 1944, at the behest of several liberal San Francisco millionaires, Thurman was invited to establish the Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples in that city, here described as "the first truly interracial, interdenominational church"—a claim that could probably be challenged.

In the early 1950s, Thurman received his final "call": this time from Boston University (in the days when that institution was administered according to the tenets of Methodism, not megalomania), making him the first black chaplain to a "white" school. Thus, Thurman was regretfully obliged to leave the Fellowship Church before "realizing my dream of building a structure with a studio theater equipped for both electronic audiovisual presentations and for drama." After his retirement from Boston University in 1968, presumably with the profits from his best-selling sermons, the churchman established the Howard Thurman Educational Trust, whose activities he now administers.

Made to order for the *Reader's Digest*'s "Most Inspirational Character," Thurman's memoirs would merely be the self-congratulatory recollections of a man who, in fact, can be justifiably proud of his achievements and is certainly entitled to his pleasure in seeing them recognized. It is the book's omissions, however, which raise the uncomfortable questions. For, reading these memoirs, one would scarcely surmise that their author had lived through the 1960s: the civil rights movement, the War on Poverty or in Vietnam —causes, one imagines, which would have compelled the involvement, or at the very least, the *interest* of a black pastor—seem barely to have flickered on the peripheries of Thurman's consciousness.

Now, publishers do not usually go out of their way to apologize for what a writer is *not*. But Thurman's publicists feel obliged to note nervously that their author is "not political . . . but a believer" (as though the two were incompatible). Dr. Thurman may have his mystical moments, but he is no anchorite; indeed, it is precisely his worldliness that must discomfit any reader of his "life." For worldliness, to thousands of religious leaders, black and white, in the tumultuous 1960s meant a great opportunity to reconcile the world

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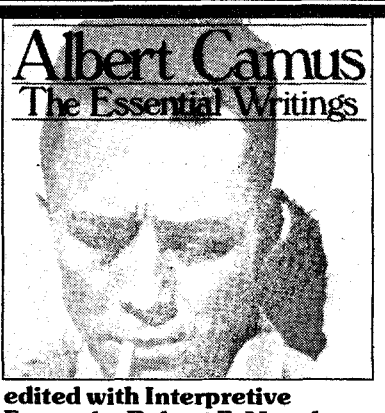

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preface by Germaine Bree

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with the Kingdom of God; or at the very least, to make, in Sartre's words, "the reign of injustice a little less unjust." Not since the Abolitionist movement had so many American clergymen moved down from their pulpits and into the trenches of social protest and reform. One wants to know, quite simply, why Thurman felt so little impulse to join them. Even his keen sense of social standing could not have been an obstacle; for as he must have observed, the movement boasted some very classy adherents.

Thurman's reasons for detachment would, in any case, have made more arresting reading than his celebrity tours of foreign parts or his fascinated account of how a collection of his sermons became a book-club choice! When, at his editor's behest, he was "urged [!] to reflect on the meaning of segregation in America," Thurman produced a "meditation on the martyrdom of three civil rights activists." These essays on Viola Liuzzo, Jim Beeb and Martin Luther King Jr. are reprinted at the very end of this volume. Rarely have three lives and deaths so harshly condemned their eulogist.

If they weren't exact contemporaries, Hosea Hudson could have been that stranger in work shoes and overalls who disappears along the railroad tracks after redeeming Howard Thurman's future. But soon after the young sharecropper left his first city job in the Atlanta railyards for the Birmingham steel mills, he became a class-conscious, committed Communist; as such, Hudson would have found better use for a scarce Depression dollar than educating what he calls a "popsicle deacon."

Its title a deliberate echo of the fugitive slave autobiographies, *The Narrative of Hosea Hudson* by Nell Irvin Painter is indeed a modern epic, tracing a twentieth-century hero's road from bondage to freedom. As Hudson tells it—and tells it so that no one reading his life will ever forget—neither the Negro church, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, nor the "liberal" whites in the South wanted to know about the lynchings in rural areas, police terrorism in the cities or exploitation in the factories whose black labor force was the lifeblood of the New South. The Communist Party, by shrewdly moving into the Scottsboro case (through the International Defense League) demonstrated to Hudson and his fellow recruits that for the first time in their lives as black citizens they were not alone.

The party claimed him—for life—at the end of his first meeting in 1931: "It looked like the thing I had been looking for." And the former sharecropper was not an atypical recruit. As the collaborator in his *Narrative*, historian Painter notes that, with few exceptions, "the communists working with Hudson in the Birmingham of the 1930s were the black, poor, uneducated who . . . made the party their own—a southern, working-class black organization." The C.P. in turn gave new members like Hudson more than a political education:

> What the party was doing was taking this lower class like myself and making people out of them, took the time and they didn't laugh at you if you made a mistake. In other words, it made this lower class feel at home when they sit down in a meeting. If he got up and tried to express hisself, nobody liable to laugh at him. They tried to help them and tell them, "you'll learn." There was always something to bring you forward, to give you courage. . . . The party made me know that I was somebody."

It didn't take much to bring Hudson forward, or to reveal to him that he was, indeed, somebody. A natural leader, astute, patient and intelligent about people, whatever their class or color, he took to organizing at every level: the shop floor, the block committees in the early days of N.R.A. (when Federal relief had to be pried from local officials) and finally, Hudson's most enduring "national" role, the building of the C.I.O. through the organizing of the coal and steel industries in the South. In rounds of crafty negotiations with management, through hours of encouragement and suasion of his fellow workers —black and white—the man who, fifteen years before, had been too frightened to ask a question in a small meeting organized and became president of local 2815 of the United Steelworkers of America.

Despite being purged from his position of union leadership along with all other Communists in 1948, Hudson has no regrets—or illusions about where he could have gone without the party. Beyond giving him an identity and a cause larger than immediate bread-and-butter issues—"to see things better for everybody"—he has the conviction that the C.P. and his part in building it inscribed his name on the rolls of History:

> Would the steel union white officials taken such pains to show me that I could still be somebody, at the age of thirty-six years old [and] could not read and write. I say they would not. I could have become their servant or yes-man. I would have been a great union Negro leader in their eye sight in and around Birmingham, Alabama. [And what had become of those black union supernumeraries, after they had enjoyed their] big time, nice home, nice car? . . . Most of them has gone and the only record that is left of them is their names and a hump in the ground.

Among the many exemplary qualities of this narrative and its hero is their lack of sentimentality. For Hosea Hudson, there is no romance of American Communism; instead, his relationship with the C.P. is a model of mutual exploitation—and clearly understood as such. Realizing himself through the party, Hudson gave it everything he had, but few political autobiographies have featured less idealistic rhetoric. Indeed, the nuts and bolts of Communist organizing tactics are laid out with a candor some may find quite chilling: how to infiltrate a meeting, how to plant members in block committees or coalition organizations like the Workers Alliance. Hudson seems scarcely aware of his awesome bravery, in "those rough days" when it was literally worth your life to be black and Red, but he does take immense pride in the slick stratagems he used as a political operator. So "elitist" he could choose to remain working class, Hudson is still a committed Communist, busy organizing his fellow public housing tenants in Atlantic City. Real radicals don't retire.

Hudson's god never failed. Which means, unhappily, that too few people—especially young people—will have access to this marvelous book. Moving, fearful and funny, Hudson and Painter's *Narrative* is as valuable an American life as has ever been wrested from anonymity. How sad that, instead of the Reddi-Wip heroics of Kunte Kinte and his instant middle-class descendants, American kids, black and white, won't learn what it meant for the poorest of illiterate black men to overcome, when the "we" of his song meant only himself and a few fellow Communists.

Among the many rich ironies of Hudson's life is that he embodies the authentic American hero in the classic puritan

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mold: self-improving (and not infrequently self-righteous), persevering, tough and wily, full of ego and courage, and most characteristically, master of the All-American Moral Quickstep—doing good and doing well, self-sacrifice and self-advancement. More successful at "male bonding" than at being husband or father, he was never as happy as when working, with all the champion's pride in his skill:

> I was setting the cores of the hand grenades [when Birmingham industry converted to war production]. I could just set them cores! Just like a chicken picking up corn. When I set them, I could place them just right. See, when you put them down, your print was over here, and your core set here. If you press it here, it would be thick on one side, thin on the other. Be thick and thin. But if you put them down, put them down, put them down, right where they hit, they fit. And oh! I could set them cores!

Some subversive!

Painter is an ideal collaborator in this complex enterprise. Shaping several years of taped interviews into a coherent dramatic narrative is, first of all, an impressive literary achievement. No hagiographer, her respect for her subject extends to an exceptional honesty about process; she shares with us the partners' tug-of-war over author's credits (she won); how they dealt with sore subjects (Hudson objected to Painter even mentioning an enemy, so he claimed a separate introduction where he could write his late adversary out of History), nor is she hesitant about challenging Hudson's account of his failed marriage. Painter's own introduction is a model of succinct, richly informative and graceful writing, enhancing her subject's vivid narration by differentiating the settings, identifying supporting players and occasionally providing an alternative version of certain events. Even Painter's notes are a pleasure to read, revealing a curiosity that goes beyond conscientious editing: it's fascinating to learn, for example, how thousands of illiterate Southern blacks like Hudson were taught to read music through a system known as "shape note" singing. If God is in the details, so is Clio.

"It's a whole lot of Hudsons around, you just haven't never met them," the one we are about to meet tells us, with his first words. Our loss, not to know the others. We can only be more grateful then, that Hosea survived to recall a time of suffering and shameful oppression; with the Hebrew prophet he can say: "I have been a rebuker of them all." □

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A. J. LANGGUTH

SLAVE TRADE TODAY. *By Sasha G. Lewis. Beacon Press. 222 pp. $10.95.*

THE GOLDEN DOOR. *By Paul R. Ehrlich, Loy Bilderback and Anne H. Ehrlich. Ballantine Books. 402 pp. $12.95.*

In Havana last spring, I met a Cuban reporter who was sure he had solved for the United States its problems with illegal aliens. The son of Cuban immigrants, he had grown up in New York City and lived there until 1962, when the family chose to return to Castro's Cuba. The reporter had never regretted that decision.

"Most people want to live in their own country," he said. "My father had gone to New York only because he couldn't earn a living at home. As soon as he realized that he could support us in Cuba, he brought us home.

"Let Mexico have the revolution it needs. Let the Mexican worker be assured of a decent life, as Cuba's workers are. Not only will the Mexicans stop sneaking into the United States but the ones who are already there will also start to go home."

Except that it ignores the 400,000 or more Cubans who have fled their country over the last twenty years and show little intention of leaving Dade County, Florida, his is a neat solution. Perhaps before the century is out, we will see its premise tested.

Until that day, the question of people entering this country illicitly will be a major concern. William Colby, former director of Central Intelligence, has said that "the swelling population of Mexico, driving millions of illegal aliens over the border, is a greater threat to the United States than the Soviet Union."

A.J. Langguth is the author of Hidden Terrors: The Truth About U.S. Police Operations in Latin America *(Pantheon Books).*

Cesar Chávez, who may know even more about the subject than Colby, has hinted that if the United States does not work toward greater justice for its Latino community, we could face a separatist movement like the one in Quebec.

The very terms for the people at issue—60 percent or more of them from Mexico—show a changing attitude, at least among bureaucrats and journalists. At one time they were "wetbacks." Like the era that coined it, that term was crude, expressive and more than a little contemptuous. But it did acknowledge that most of the border we share with Mexico, very nearly 2,000 miles long, is marked by the river we call the Rio Grande.

Later "wetbacks" were elevated to the status of "illegal alien," a term Sasha Lewis objects to for two valid reasons: in the space age, it makes human beings sound like invaders from another galaxy, and the word *illegal* compounds the offense by treating an alleged misdemeanor—crossing the border without a visa—as a proved felony. Our most recent term is "undocumented workers," which may strike the ear as a cumbersome euphemism but which has

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Thomas Starling

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the virtue of precision.

The Mexicans, the Haitians, the Guatemalans all come here to work. And because U.S. immigration laws since the middle-1960s have favored the rich, the educated and, a legacy from the cold war, those fleeing a Communist regime, they come with no documents.

Most readers of *The Nation* need not be reminded of the pain such people suffer once they arrive in the United States. As its title suggests, Lewis's book is filled with incidents of brutality and exploitation, and certainly it is valuable to have the documentation from a decade of newspaper exposés brought together in one volume. But the reader may be justifiably disheartened to find this conclusion: "Perhaps there is no humane solution, no moral solution, that can be put into law and passed by Congress."

If writers limited themselves to offering solutions attractive to a humane and moral Congress, we would have very little to read on the matters of gun control legislation, a national health plan or SALT II.

Paul Ehrlich suffers from none of Lewis's reticence, and he and his collaborators arrive at very definite, if predictable, conclusions. Before their summation, however, they indulge themselves in a review of the history of migration from the times of the Phoenicians, the Romans and the Huns. When they finally arrive at Mexico, a quarter of the way into the book, they begin to offer some valuable observations:

§ Historically, Canada has exported twice as many immigrants (albeit legal ones) to the United States as has Mexico —four million compared with two million. True, those figures ignore the undocumented worker. All the same, does not the disproportionate volume of uproar over the Mexicans in our midst indicate that more is involved in the protest against them than a simple concern over jobs and welfare?

§ According to one study, three-quarters of the undocumented workers pay income and Social Security taxes, (and, of course, sales tax too where it applies). Yet less than 5 percent of that same sampling draws upon any kind of health or unemployment benefits, and only one-half of 1 percent draws welfare payments. "Are the 'illegals' welfare bums?" Ehrlich asks. "The answer to this question is no!"

§ The number of deportations for unauthorized entry into the United States has increased from 423,000 in 1971 to more than one million in 1978. But since many men and women are caught at least twice (and Lewis tells of luckless men picked up twenty times), that figure alone reveals very little. Current estimates of the number of undocumented workers in the United States range from four million to twelve million.

(According to F. Ray Marshall, the U.S. Secretary of Labor, no one in Government actually believes that higher figure. But he adds that if two million undocumented workers could somehow be deported, unemployment would fall below the 4 percent goal set by the Humphrey-Hawkins Act. During the Depression, that same reasoning caused hundreds of thousands of persons—including a substantial number of Mexican-American citizens—to be chivvied and harassed into returning to Mexico.)

After his leisurely exposition, Professor Ehrlich concludes that the "United States has never offered an unqualified welcome to the world's 'wretched refuse.' " He says that Mexican immigration may not present a major worry at the present time but "there is legitimate cause for concern" over the projected growth of Mexico's population.

Ehrlich recommends that the reader address the issue by joining either Zero Population Growth or the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), which is "dedicated to developing restrictionist policies that are humane and consistent with modern democratic values." This advice comes on page 359, too long and twisting a trail to end with a birth control pill in place of a signpost.

Graduate students at the University of Southern California journalism school have compiled their own study of the Latino in the Southwest, and I remembered one sequence of events from their research as I was reading, and rejecting, Ehrlich's conclusions:

In 1848, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, followed by the California Constitution the next year, established the state as bilingual. Between 1849 and 1899, California had seventeen Spanish-surnamed legislators. In 1879, the state Constitution was changed to exclude Spanish as an official language; in 1894, English was made a prerequisite for voting. Between the years 1900 and 1960, California had only one legislator with a Spanish surname.

Given that reminder, may I suggest several questions for the next writers who undertake to deal with the undocumented worker? I'm dividing the questions into two categories: the answers to one seem an obvious "yes," to the other an obvious "no." Which is which, given our history, may be less obvious.

Can a 1,945-mile border be closed any more effectively than former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara contrived to close the Ho Chi Minh Trail? Is the present alternative—border patrols and intermittent raids by the Immigration and Naturalization Service—working? Will private employers enforce the immigration policies of the United States better than the Government has been able to do? Since unauthorized workers and their families live in fear of deportation, is there any better prospect of obtaining an accurate U.S. census this year than in any earlier year? Can there be fair representation without valid census figures?

The other set of questions:

If those undocumented workers currently in the United States were to receive documents, would the price of some goods and services rise sharply? Given Mexico's proximity and its history, do its citizens deserve favored treatment under our immigration policy? At present, we admit some 20,000 persons legally from Mexico; should that figure be raised five-fold? Ten-fold? Would it be worthwhile to experiment with an open border with Mexico? Would an increase in the entry into the United States of accredited Mexicans create new pressures from blacks and from Americans of Hispanic descent for improved education and job guarantees?

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I have left the most problematical question for last: When, thanks to books like Lewis's, citizens of the United States can no longer ignore the misery of the undocumented worker, will we be willing to pay the high price of easing that suffering? □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Some notes on *Star Trek—The Motion Picture:* It is an awkward title for a film, one occasioned by the wish of the producer, Gene Roddenberry, to give public notice that, though most of the characters and many of the actors have been enlisted from the TV series of a decade ago, this is no compilation of old chapters but a new mission into the unknown for the celebrated starship *Enterprise*. Moreover, a paperback published to coincide with the opening of the movie is also called *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, which obviously it is not, being a novel by Roddenberry, who based it on the screenplay by Harold Livingston and the story by Alan Dean Foster, who in turn derived their manuscripts from the original *Star Trek* created by Roddenberry. Both vehicles from that somewhat convoluted relationship will be considered here.

On this voyage, the menace confronting Captain Kirk (William Shatner), the crusty Dr. "Bones" McCoy (DeForest Kelley), that extrasensory and mathematically adept Vulcan, Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy) and a crew of hundreds is an Intruder from the far side of our galaxy, an object seventy-eight kilometers long, or, says the book, "double the length of old Manhattan Island," an adjective that makes me wonder what is to happen to my native island in the next century. Its fate, of course, may be common knowledge to the devotees of the much-lamented TV serial.

This monster causes great concern: like most such visitors, its intent is unknown, it is on a collision course with Earth and it has shown itself to be both reclusive and short-tempered. It proceeds at the center of a cloud having the diameter of "an incredible eighty times the Earth-to-Sun distance!" and any attempt to make contact with it is met with bolts of "writhing green fury" that reduce the target to data for the assailant's memory bank.

I see that I am drawing these notes mainly from Roddenberry's novel. That is because on the screen the crew of the *Enterprise* was for the most part so preoccupied with its unprecedented mission and their private rivalries that they had scant time to keep me posted on the cataclysmic events as they occurred. It is true also that what little insight I have into the personalities and conflicting motives of the principals (and to be candid, they are not strikingly memorable characters) comes more from what I read than from what I saw. Watching *Star Trek*, as when watching any deep-space extravaganza, one is overwhelmed by the machinery—those extrapolations from suspension bridges, supersonic planes and present-day satellites that wheel and jockey so gracefully in the sea of sky; those gigantic necklaces of light derived from the traffic of our throughways; the luminous grids that recall the housing developments of Queens as one flies into Kennedy Airport —all those unearthly squeals and vertiginous cloud effects, reduce the human performers to automata. And the nonterrestrial performers fare little better: our cosmic entertainers are trapped, it seems, within their own imaginations when it comes to inventing a really startling nonhuman rational being. Further, it is becoming increasingly difficult to devise novel technologies for the future. All we can do is make what we have larger, faster and more deadly, toss Einstein's speed-of-light barrier into the discard and dress up our paltry fantasies with references to "time continuums," "turbolifts," "impulse power," "hyper space" and other discreetly undefined novelties from laboratories yet to be imagined. Space movies share with hard-core porn the disadvantage of monotony.

And that last remark leads me to suggest that a better title for the film would have been *What Is This Thing Called Love?* if the name of that somewhat lacrymose old song is now in the public domain. I reveal no crucial secret of the plot when I say that Intruder has hied itself right across the galaxy because of its compelling desire to unite with its Creator. Further, the process of contact between the starship and the "thing," when at last it can be attempted, involves the repeated thrusting of electronic probes into purselike orifices, which procedure usually occasions a pyrotechnic reaction of the sort that in times less permissive than ours was used to signal consummation in Italian films. The book relates that the travel pod which brought Captain Kirk back to his beloved old ship "mated" with the airlock of the *Enterprise*, which maneuver produced a "pneumatic whoosh," and on the screen one can note with satisfaction the excellent fit. Any apprentice Freudian can explain the visceral allure of such symbolism, and I have now to mention Ilia (Persis Khambatta), the beautiful if entirely hairless Deltan navigator of the ship, who involuntarily emits subliminal scents, called "pheromones," which trigger "hormonal responses in most humanoid life forms of the opposite sex." That is putting it delicately, but as you can imagine, Ilia, though she has been obliged to take an oath of celibacy, distracts the male life forms on the *Enterprise*. *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, and even more the novel derived therefrom (which did not need to seek a G rating), fairly pulses with vicarious sex at an adolescent fantasy level. Particularly titillating, and germane to the outcome of the voyage, is the revelation that Deltans, when mating, unite not only their bodies but also their minds, a double intimacy that

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makes dalliance with them hazardous for persons from other planets.

And what makes the Intruder hazardous for one and all is its detestation of what it calls "carbon-based units," which infest highly sophisticated machinery in a destructive role somewhere between sand particles and gremlins. Its reaction on detecting any of the abominable stuff is to reduce it to data—which is all very well, except that "carbon-based unit" is the Intruder's name for all the warm-blooded creatures that inhabit the populated worlds of the twenty-first century. Us, in short.

Thus Captain Kirk and the crew of the *Enterprise* have, I hope I've made clear without revealing too much, a taxing assignment. But be assured, they are equal to it and survive, almost all of them, for yet more bizarre challenges in space. That is, if your reaction to this one warrants the cost of another voyage.

It can fairly be said of Steven Spielberg that he is attracted by excess of size. *Jaws* was preoccupied with a very large fish; *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* with a very large flying object; now *1941* considers a very large overreaction to the appearance, a week after Pearl Harbor, of a Japanese submarine off the coast at Los Angeles. But Spielberg is also various of mood: in *Jaws* he provided horror, in *Close Encounters* fantasy, and *1941* is an essay in gross humor. Alas, as a director of such comedy he is sadly short of the mark.

In historic fact, the presence of a Japanese sub caused some public agitation; just how much I cannot now remember. In any case, Spielberg has chosen to recall that it produced a wave of destructive insanity comparable to the madness of *Hellzapoppin* or *Animal House*. (It is yet another of his characteristics that Spielberg does not expect Americans to behave constructively when confronted by an unexpected alien intruder.) The film is a frenzy of Army tanks crushing cars and careening through buildings, planes flown by fraternal incompetents who blaze at one another just above the rooftops, the Army and Navy decimating each other in a battle royal of service rivalry, human bodies rocketing through the air or plunging into the sea wall to the accompaniment of fiery explosions and all in a custard-pie ecstasy of misplaced energy. This is new material for Spielberg, but otherwise it is very old indeed, and he handles it badly.

The timing is inept; the action does not follow, as it should, an accelerating metronome of lunacy. On the contrary, Spielberg repeatedly cuts back and forth among his several parallel stories, each shift of scene allowing the spectator to catch his breath and gather his wits. And the destruction of valuable real estate, which is the main activity of the film, is not in itself funny (though it may satisfy an unacknowledged lust). To elicit guffaws it must be in some way surprising or incongruous; if not, it soon becomes monotonous. Once you have seen a brick structure subside in a cloud of dust, you may feel little rewarded by the spectacle of a frame structure flying into a shower of splinters.

Much the same can be said of the unremitting punishment *1941* inflicts on its human participants; all too soon one becomes numb to the impersonal assault and battery. And this raises, of all things, a moral point. I used to hold it against cartoon comedies that when they showed violence, they denied its effect, since every character, however mutilated during the action, was found whole and smiling at the end. *1941* makes me uneasy in the same way. It offers as a matter of fact that a man who has been pitched headfirst from a balcony will shake off the experience and eagerly rejoin the fray, or that the occupants of a bullet-ridden and crashed fighter plane will emerge with nothing more to show than surface cuts and ruffled tempers. I cannot even estimate the number of seemingly fatal blows, falls and collisions the participants suffer with no result more serious than a momentary loss of consciousness. I understand that *1941* is billed as a fantasy, but it takes place in familiar surroundings, and we live at a time when people get pushed under trains by strangers acting on impulse. The picture is designed to attract a very broad audience, and it would have been a gesture toward restraint of casual homicide to strew the streets with a few corpses or at least show stretcher-bearers in strenuous action.

As may have been gathered, *1941* strikes me as noisy, hyperactive, expensive and mindless. Spielberg, I don't doubt, would protest that there is satiric method in his madness, and it being Christmas time when the story unfolds, a good many plastic Santa Clauses are ravaged with perhaps satiric intent. Spielberg does inject two speeches, both of which mock the sentimental jingoism of American patriotism in space. They are indeed satiric and occupy, together, perhaps six minutes of film time. Then, too, Robert Stack plays a sardonic General Stilwell, who in fact commanded the troops in California at that time. But since Stilwell is seen tearfully enjoying Walt Disney's *Dumbo* during the height of the violence, and since otherwise he confines himself to passively deploring the folly that surrounds him, I think he injects little irony into the film.

Other principals (in this case, they are more survivors than actors) are John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Lorraine Gary (handled like a rag doll, but amorously), Murray Hamilton, Slim Pickens and Toshiro Mifune as the honor-besotted submarine commander. Several of the characters, including the one played by Belushi, are in fact insane, and that is another strategic error, since it lays a clammy hand onto what aspires to be a festival of mass delirium. The screenplay was written by Robert Zemeckis and Bob Gale from a story they devised with the assistance of John Milius. No one, thus, is solely responsible for the result. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

In reviewing the 1953 revival of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country* here, I spoke of it as resembling a mixture of Jane Austen and Chekhov. I might also have said that it had the quality of certain of Tchaikovsky's songs or that it was reminiscent of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* in its alternation of heartbreak and irony. But none of these parallels will do, for Turgenev is entirely himself: cunningly humorous rather than biting, with an undertone of more than hinted at melancholy. Stanislavsky, who produced the play at the Moscow Art Theatre in 1909, speaks of its "spiritual lacework." Yet it never loses its connection with an unblinking psychological reality.

The pigments Turgenev employed have something of the watercolor or the pastel about them, but though discreetly sounded, his notes ring deep. *A Month in the Country*, in short, is both exquisite and strong. It is set in the declining years of feudal Russia (the 1840s), and its subject is love in a variety of keys and shades. It is all nuance and yet poignantly clear.

I can understand Michael Kahn's

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desire to direct its present revival (at the Roundabout Theatre, Stage One) in a trippingly light vein. He wished to avoid any suspicion of the ponderous or mournful which might smack of the foreign, the "Slavic." However reasonable the intention, the result deprives the play of its essential values. It is made to appear a hybrid comedy of manners without much resonance. The cast, who perform with intelligence, includes a number of good actors—Tammy Grimes, Amanda Plummer, Jerome Kilty among others—but with few exceptions, they are hardly the right instruments to transmit the Turgenev "music." A piccolo does not convey the mood of a cello.

This is a day of revivals of old hits—of musicals especially. The latest of these is *Oklahoma!* (1943), the first and most famous of the Rodgers-Hammerstein collaboration (Palace Theatre). I did not see the original till a year after its opening (I was not reviewing then) and when I came to write about it in *The Fervent Years* (published in 1945) I did so more in relation to the theatrical tone of the era than to the show as a thing in itself. The times produce, I said, "the very pleasant, calendar pretty pastiche of *Oklahoma!*—light, fresh, reminiscent, smart . . . a national unity cocktail for absolutely every liver."

This may have been adequate for the purpose I then had in mind but as criticism it would be misleading. *Oklahoma!* marked a date in the development of the musical comedy form. Apart from the stream of Rodgers's happy tunes and Hammerstein's tiptop lyrics, Agnes de Mille's beautifully executed choreography of *Oklahoma!* made its dance material an integral part of the "book," just as the musical numbers themselves were not simply embellishing interludes in the progress of the show but extensions of the plot line. It was the first successful attempt to give the musical show this kind of unity.

Though the present revival does not shine with its former glow or leap with its initial spontaneity, it still "holds up." The voices—those of Christine Andreas as Laurey, Laurence Guittard as Curly, Martin Vidnovic as Jud Fry—are good, and Harry Groener as Will Parker adds an attractive geniality and a nice agility to the proceedings.

Teibele and Her Demon (Brooks Atkinson Theater), by Isaac Bashevis Singer and Eve Friedman, based on one of Singer's short stories, is good enough for me to wish it were better. It has charm, imagination and an atmosphere unusual in our theater. Though it is called a fable, its roots are in reality.

The locale is one of the tiniest and most impoverished Jewish villages in old Russia (circa 1880). The lowliest of its inhabitants are imbued with belief in God and some of them are transported beyond orthodoxy into occult mysticism. Yet they are an earthy people with all that that entails—including love between male and female. But love consecrated in marriage in that bygone day was fashioned after traditionally formalized arrangements. Teibele (the name means "little dove") is a young woman who was wed according to custom. Abandoned by her husband, she is desired by a cabalistically learned but penniless young fellow, Alchonon. Because he is ragged and beggarly, she spurns him, for she is the owner of the only dry goods establishment in the vicinity. His yearning for her impels him to come upon her one night in the guise of a demon. Such is his fiery eloquence, employing as he does the vocabulary of arcane lore, that she yields to him in a trance of passion.

Alchonon's visits at night become more frequent, and his ever more ardent embraces and fantasies enflame her body and her soul. When, however, he comes to seek her in marriage as himself she cannot abide him: it is the demon she desires.

I need not detail the complications which ensue from this premise. To appreciate the poetic core of the tale one need simply understand that Teibele craves magic, not humdrum connubial pleasure; once she has experienced the overwhelming ravishment of her demon lover she will be satisfied with nothing less.

In this we find a recurrent theme of Singer's work: the duality of spiritual exultation and fleshly ecstasy and the conflict and torment that occur when it is not attained. Only in a subtle amalgam of humor and emotional urgency—the mixture of the mundane with ineffable mystery of sensuous longing which is the Singer signature—can the meaning and tender beauty of *Teibele and Her Demon* be created.

To evoke this mood on the stage is extremely difficult. What is missing is the timbre of Singer's writing (we are dealing here with what is largely a translation from the Yiddish) with its combination of homely intimacy and an almost unearthly, essentially religious, sense of wonder, which would require a kind of acting and direction our theater achieves only once in a blue moon.

F. Murray Abraham as Alchonon and Barry Primus as his peddler companion are excellent. Abraham, usually a comedian, is especially striking here (except when in the most vehement passages he and the others become unintelligible), but Stephen Kanee's direction, efficient enough for ordinary purposes, lacks the hushed intensity and the fablelike atmosphere which might make the play valid on its own terms. There is in this production hardly any of the *innocence* which is at the heart of the play's dramatic conception.

Desmond Heeley's setting means little: there is no sense of place (the *shtetl*) and no symbolic extension. And while Laura Esterman is prosaically acceptable as Teibele, there is none of the beatitude of the senses which the role demands. In the context of such a play, literal justification for certain of its farfetched episodes would be unnecessary if its stylistic essence were actually realized. As it is, we find it only occa-

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sionally beguiling and funny, and thus crude rather than delicate.

A tasty dish is offered us in Tina Howe's *The Art of Dining* at the Public Theater. It is a sprightly celebration of the culinary craft, expertly prepared by A.J. Antoon, as director, in a handsomely homey restaurant designed by David Jenkins, under Ian Calderon's cheerful lighting, and succulently served by the comely cook Suzanne Collins and her husband, owner and *maître d'hôtel* (all appetite and no taste) Ron Rifkin.

The guests too, ravenous or abstemious, are a caution. There is among these a hilariously convulsive lady beginning her career as a writer who is invited for the first time to meet an astonished publisher—a man as avid for gustatory pleasure as for literature, slyly played by George Guidall.

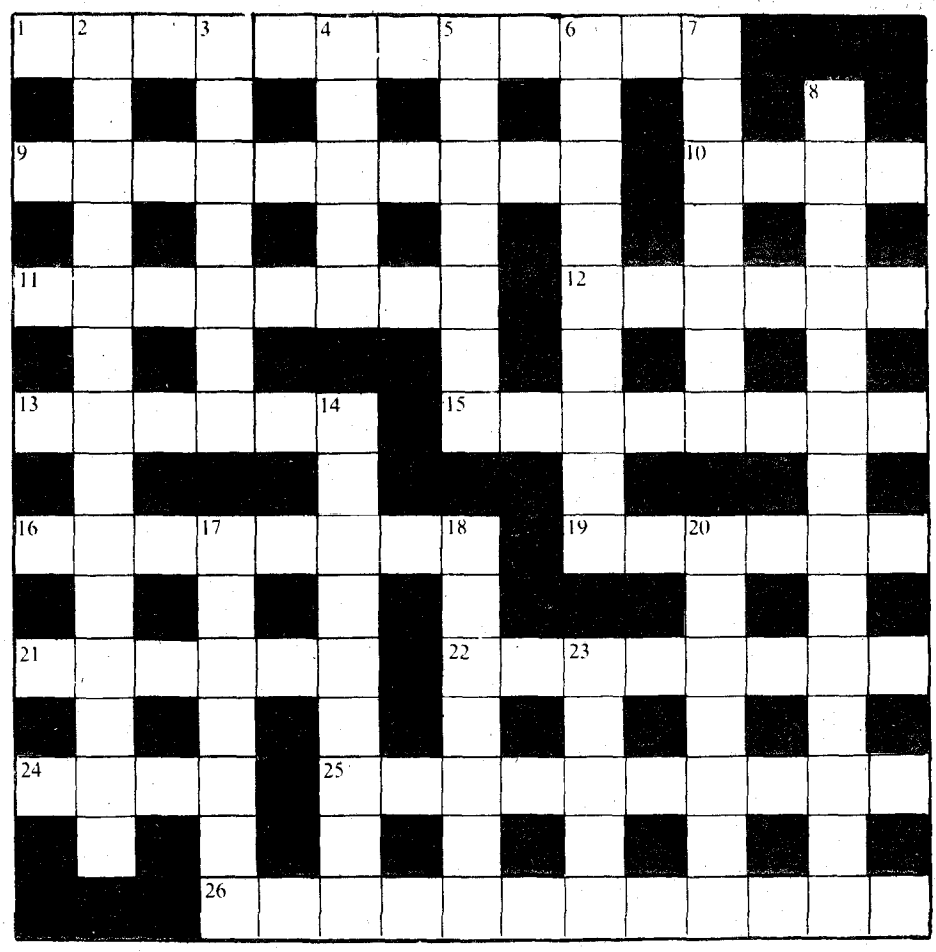
Tina Howe has a special curiosity and a knack for thumbnail cartoons—*New Yorker* fashion—of oddball figures in our metropolitan areas. This penchant for rapid sketches of "way-out" creatures (who are actually types we might observe everywhere around us, if we had the author's quick eye) was already evident in *Museum*, a short piece produced some years ago, also at the Public Theater. The "marionettes" in that play haunted an art exhibit. *The Art of Dining* focuses to even pleasanter effect on a suburban eaterie that aspires to *haute cuisine* status.

The most brilliant snapshot in this gallery is the character of Elizabeth Barrow Colt who, I vow, is as gifted as she is screwy. Our literary culture has greatly benefited by a bevy of such dislocated and ill-adjusted females blessed with a keen sense of everyone in their environment. These women have the ability to set down in writing things pungent or pathetic with unerring accuracy and dispatch.

In this case, the phenomenon is embodied in a performance by Dianne Wiest that is as good as any you are likely to behold all season. The actress is a find. (Don't go away, Dianne!) The writing of the role may smack of caricature, but her acting does not. It is killingly funny and utterly real. For her alone —even if you are not passionate about caviar or crêpes suzette—you should visit "The Golden Carousel Restaurant" in New Jersey into which she wanders (purblind) with unforgettable and inspirational ineptitude. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1803

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Does the commentator at the basketball game control things? (4,3,5)
9 The young disrobe before the sling gets broken. (10)
10 Does one mix up the letters where they might land? (4)
11 Obviously not in the right direction—which is very unfortunate! (8)
12 Of sorts, a number of meals could come from them. (6)
13 See 4 down
15 Not the General's mess—you might not get the drift with it. (8)
16 They have a little advertisement on the parts of the cap styled by consultants. (8)
19 A trifling affront, obviously. (6)
21 Hooked a fish. (6)
22 Ringside disturbance, staying more or less permanently. (8)
24 Daze one with a so-called crazy return. (4)
25 Weber's was to dance. (10)
26 Famous warrior-nogoodnik has his weak point. (8,4)

DOWN

2 Taking part with the sort of food going to a mis-hit performance in benevolent religious belief. (3,2,4,5)
3 No work if you are face up and turning sour, as they say. (4,3)
4, 13 and 8 Well, part of your vacation spent lying around is an improvement over 52 weeks' grind! (4,1,4,2,6,4,4)
5 Sad, only disturbed by the nature of the ecclesiastical council. (7)
6 Those who spot bad verses rob a sort of them. (9)
7 High air might be suitable for one. (7)
8 See 4 down
14 A wrecked Ford, with the sound of the whip around? It's not easy to catch! (9)
17 Maria Theresa, according to Velasquez. (7)
18 Quiet! Liver upset can cause this wrinkle. (7)
20 It means you're in trouble, as Hans Brinker might put it! (2,5)
23 His was a musical parade—as one took the chair, that is. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1802

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Broad in the beam; 10 Oedipus; 11 Crampon; 12 Measures; 15 and 13 Out of doors; 17 Nilometer; 19 Porpoises; 21 Yemen; 23 Never; 24 Saturate; 27 Orville; 28 Ungodly; 29 and 30 Salt of the earth. DOWN: 1 and 14 Boon companions; 2 Oddment; 3 Dupes; 4 Nose-rings; 5 Hocks; 7 Exploit; 8 Minestrone; 9 Randomly; 16 Foot rule; 18 Lose touch; 20 Revival; 22 Matador; 24 Shelf; 25 Rogue; 26 Myth.

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An Interview with a 114-Year-Old Magazine

Ladies and gentlemen, we are fortunate in having with us a 114-year-old magazine—THE NATION. How do you feel, sir?

Well, I feel better than the old *Saturday Evening Post*. Ben, I used to call him—you know, after Ben Franklin. . . .

You knew the old *Post*?

Sure, I knew all the big ones. *McClure's*. Always muck, muck, muck. *Liberty*. Nice fellow, *Liberty*. "This article will take you 3 minutes, 45 seconds to read," he'd say, and we'd both laugh.

How about the newer magazines? Do you know them?

Oh sure. I remember *Politicks*. Poor fellow, died young. And *Viva*—never could make up his/her mind. Then there was *New Times*—he's gone too. Had a weak heart—took up *Running*. One thing I can't stand is this new trend to celebrity journalism—all those personality articles.

What's the matter, don't you like people?

No, I don't like *People*.

Some of those old magazines have been revived—*Life*, *Look*, even *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Yeah, they went to Switzerland and had those operations. They're nice—cute, but not the same.

To what do you attribute your long life?

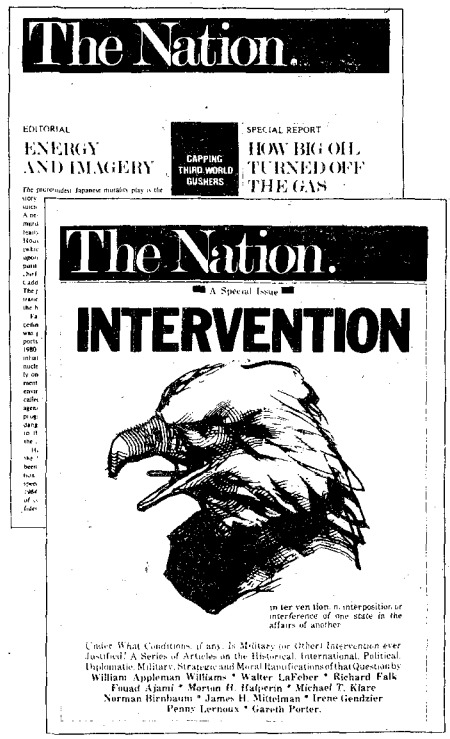
Reading. Exercising my mind. I get a lot of good wholesome fresh opinions and nourishing non-doctrinaire radical and liberal politics. Four or five tough articles every week, plus some good hardball editorials that give my conscience a daily workout. Then I top it off with an intellectual cold shower of invigorating reviews of books, plays, art, music, dance, architecture, television, the media.

What have you learned in your 114 years?

One thing I've learned is, never trust a politician who says he'll never lie to you.

That's good advice.

Don't take my word for it. Read THE NATION and think for yourself. In fact, send in the attached coupon that my insistent publisher includes with all my interviews.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